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Ty ~~e~~ tries to lasso the dead white bear's mate.

THE ICE-KING;
—OR,—
FATE OF THE LOST STEAMER.

A Story of the Frozen North.

BY COL E. Z. C. JUDSON.
“NED BUNTLINE.”

CHAPTER I.

THE OUTWARD-BOUND.

IT was winter. Ice was drifting along with the tide in the East River, where its dark waves rolled rapidly in the narrow channel between New York and Brooklyn. The house-tops, in both of these great cities, were sheeted over with snow, and on them the clear sun light lay with a glittering smile. The leafless trees on Brooklyn Heights were beautiful in their encrustations, for each branch was bent with its snowy foliage. In the streets, the cheerful sound of sleigh bells rung loud and merrily. On the lakes, which are so plentiful around, and in the borders of the town, skaters were chasing each other over the glassy ice.

And who would not say that these scenes were beautiful! Nature, in all her seasons, has beauties which any one who is possessed of a *soul* cannot fail to discover.

The time was years—but not many—ago. At noon, precisely, a large and beautiful steamship, whose huge smoke-stack had been belching forth its black breath for several hours, was seen to move slowly out of her place in a dock on the East River side of New York.

On her deck stood many passengers; a hearty crew were busied in getting headway upon her, and preparing to make sail on the heavy black yards which crossed her short, strong masts.

High upon the wheel-house stood one who, from his tone of command, as well as his uniform, seemed to be the commander of the noble craft, and as the vessel drew out from the dock into the stream, he waved his laced cap to the crowd on shore, who loudly cheered the outward-bound.

Near him stood one of the passengers, a middle-sized, red-faced, blue-eyed, jolly-looking gentleman, who seemed to enjoy the cheers of those on shore very much, for he waved a white hat which he held in one hand, and flourished a stout crab-stick or shillelah, which he held in the other, and responded to their cheers with a brogue that was beautifully rich.

When the vessel had backed out into the stream and turned her head fairly down toward Governor's Island, a gun was fired, three cheers were given by her crew and passengers which were returned from the echoing shore, and then the noble vessel started ahead.

She really looked like “a thing of life,” as she ploughed her way down through the loose cakes of drifting ice, the flag of our country floating at her foremast-head, that of England at her main, and a private signal at her mizzen.

When she had passed beyond the sound of the cheers from shoreward, and the commander had caused all sail to be set to the breeze, which from the north-west blew fresh and strong, he turned around toward the passenger of whom we have spoken above, as having stood near him.

A look of astonishment came over the young commander's face as he looked on the face of the passenger, for he saw several tears stealing quietly down his rosy cheeks, which but a moment before seemed flushed with gladness.

“How is this, Mr. Tyrone?” he cried—“tears from you who make so many laugh, and you homeward bound at that!”

The passenger hastily dashed aside the tears with the sleeve of his overcoat, and replied in a tone of deep feeling,—

“I couldn't help it, cap'n! I've been thrated with such uni-

versal kindness by the whole nation, that the least I can give 'em at parting is a tear—an' sure it come up from the very life-spring of my heart.”

“They have been no kinder than a man of your talent and mind merited!” replied the captain; and then as he glanced back among the other passengers, who stood farther aft, he asked,

“Are you sure your friend, Lord Wimsett, is on board?”

“If he isn't aboard he's sure to be ashore, but I think Ned is down in his state-room just now, for he was in a rum state when I saw him a bit ago!”

“A rum state! What do you mean, Mr. Tyrone?”

“Why, his republican friends up at the Astor House wanted him to leave the country properly impressed with the *spirit* of its citizens, and in a manner suited to his rank, so they made him ‘drunk as a *lord*,’ that's all.”

The rich brogue and the comic look of Mr. Tyrone, as he told this, was too much for the captain to keep serious on, and he burst into a fit of laughter which drew the attention of several of the passengers, who now came nearer to enjoy a share of the fun.

Among these was a large, very fat old gentleman, whose form seemed to be muffled up in flannels, as if the gout or some other enemy had been guarded against.

His neck and chin were hidden in the thick folds of a red woollen shawl; his head and ears covered with a thick fur cap, leaving only a pair of very small grey eyes and a very red pug nose visible.

As he waddled forward, a tall antiquated maiden clung to his arm—one who, in appearance, was his very opposite. Though dressed in winter garments, her cloak could not make her figure look anything but lean: her face peered out from under the broad front of a velvet bonnet; a visage at once sharp, sour and savage—if we dare apply the latter term to a lady. Three brown curls, which looked as if they had been frozen around a tallow candle, hung down on either side of her cheeks, which were of a yellow hue in all parts, except the very centre, where a spot of bright vermillion lay as witness that she patronized the fine arts.

That the reader may at once know this most singular couple, we will introduce them.

The lady, Miss Priscilla Prime, was the only sister of the gentleman, Mr. John Prime. Both had avoided matrimony; the first, according to her own account, because the men were all such vile deceivers; the other, because he had been too busy in making a fortune to ever think of looking at any woman but his sister, who was not a specimen calculated to make him love the sex over much.

He had made a fortune in the provision trade, and having, at the age of fifty, retired from business, he thought a six months' “tour,” as Miss Priscilla termed it, to the United States, was necessary, because it was fashionable.

From this he was just returning.

There was a great difference between him and his sister, in all things except years, for strange as it would seem from their looks, they were twins. Their mother had died in giving them to life, her husband soon followed her to the grave, leaving his children a small patrimony wherewith to gain an education, and which eventually started the son in business.

The latter, at the time when we introduce him to the reader, was a plain, hearty, good-natured Englishman, who much loved good living, both in eating and drinking; felt independent because he owed nothing, and yet did not at all presume upon his wealth.

His sister, however, was purse-proud, haughty, affected, and wished ever to appear refined and delicate, though she was coarser than porpoise meat, both in manners and education.

There were other passengers besides these, who pressed up to hear what the witty Tyrone had to say, and among them was a handsome, dark-eyed woman, whose brunette cheek, jetty hair, long eyelashes, and delicately voluptuous form, told of a southern clime for a birth place; an ardent temperament for her heritage.

She was young. Not more than eighteen or nineteen summers could have passed over her head: her brow was clear, her cheek full, her eye bright as if never a tear had dimmed or a cloud of care had shadowed it.

She, too, had a companion, one who leaned on her arm, instead of she on his. He was a feeble, white-haired old man, yet he looked not like one related to her, for his eyes were of a dull grey, his features were entirely unlike her own, which told so plainly of her Spanish origin.

One word from that old man, as he moved along with the rest, shewed his relationship to the beautiful young woman.

With a dry and husky voice, that sounded more like a suppressed cough than anything else, he uttered a feeble "He! he!" as he saw the comical look of Mr. Tyrone, and then looking up at the face of the lady, whose tall and beautiful figure towered above his, said,—

"What a funny man that Mr. Tyrone is, my dear. I am so glad he is a passenger—he'll make you laugh very much, my dear! You have laughed but little since we were married!"

Married! methinks I hear the reader exclaim; the spring flower wedded to the snowdrift; the hapless stump of a forest tree to the blossoming orange? And yet it was so. This young and beautiful woman, Donna Elementa, was wedded to the grey-haired, miserly-looking wretch that leaned upon her arm, and who, as if to suit his age, was actually named *Frost*.

When her husband made the remark we have chronicled above, the young wife paid no attention to it, but mechanically moved on in the direction in which he was leading her, while her dark eyes were fixed on the distant shore.

The vessel was now swiftly gliding down the bay of New York, passing the white villas which so adorn Staten Island, and soon she was in that beautiful gorge known as "The Narrows."

From here the passengers gathered to take a last look at the "Empire City;" and, perhaps, there is no point where a better view can be obtained.

The eyes of the Spanish lady beamed brighter as she looked at the distant spires and domes, gilded by a bright sun, and when her old husband signified his wish to go below, out of the cold, she quietly but firmly expressed her desire to remain on deck.

"But it is cold—you'll catch your death, my dear!" remonstrated the old man.

"I do not feel cold, sir," was her answer; "if you do, go below; I will come down when I get ready."

The old gentleman was about to reply, when Mr. Tyrone, who had heard her remark, stepped up and said, in his usual tone, while he made a polite bow,—

"By your leave, sir, I'll see that no harm falls to the lady, if you wish to leave her on deck. It's myself that'll be as careful of her as e'er an ould hen was of a pet chicken!"

"He! he! You're so funny, Mr. Tyrone," muttered the old man, "you're very good and so funny; but I'm not cold now I'll stay on deck with my dear!"

The lady glanced at Tyrone and then at her husband.

Oh, how much meaning was there in that single look. It told plainly that her heart was filled with disgust instead of love for him who clung to her; and she seemed even grateful that the other had offered, for a moment, to take the place of a companion whom she evidently abhorred.

The look did not escape the eye of Miss Priscilla. With a shrug of the shoulder, and an additional turn of her turn-up nose, she squeezed her brother's arm, and said in a low vinegarish tone,—

"Some people are so stuck up when they get married! They're never satisfied with their own husbands, but want the attentions of all the rest of the men."

The brother paid no attention to his sister's remark, for he was so used to the acidity of her nature, that he had ceased, long since, to take up either with her likes or dislikes.

But if the reader please, having introduced some of the characters of our story, we will change the scene, and proceed to another clime and different pictures.

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND HOME.

UPON a small and very singular island which lay in the nar-

row channel between Greenland and the point of land which forms the northern shore of Hudson's Straits, is laid our next scene.

The island lay close over to the North American shore, from which it was separated only by a broad sheet of ice. Yet it looked very unlike the dull, monotonous level of the main land in sight. In its centre a hill arose, which was overtopped by tall pines whose ever-green branches spread our like living arms to the wild north wind, and shook with its hoarse breathings.

Below this hill was a level plain of an acre's size, probably, facing the main, and this plain terminated nearly on a level with the icy bridge which connected it and the shore. On all other sides the island fronted with immense cliffs which, spotted here and there with fantastic formations of ice, made a most picturesque appearance.

From amid the gloomy, everlasting pines, whence could be obtained the most extended view, the eye could see far away to the south and east, a channel of blue water, dotted here and there with glittering bergs of ice, and as the sun shone out, these looked like heaps of frozen rainbows stowed away there by the clerk of the weather for summer use in fairer and southern climes.

Shoreward, when the weather was clear, for it was but three miles distant from the main, could be seen a long range of low hills, their tops crested with small stunted pines and laurels; and often on the plain beneath could be seen small droves of musk oxen and reindeer: both ugly, but extremely useful animals in that cold and barren clime.

This island was not uninhabited. Deep in the side of the hill, which we have partially described, was a large cave, one formed, in part, by the hand of ever-working nature, but finished by the tasteful yet scarcely less capricious hand of man.

It was a singular-looking cave for it was dug out of a rock of solid anthracite coal, of which this hill, like many in that sterile clime, was formed.

Thus has Providence, in His all-wise beneficence, provided, that scantily-wooded land, a never-failing stock of fuel.

In this cave were many apartments fitted up as store-rooms, and still others had been furnished and decorated in the richest style, and in these dwelt him whose name heads this story—he who was called by the ignorant and superstitious Indians of the Main,

WALKALLAH, THE ICE-KING

The time to say who and what he was, and of whom and how many were his household will soon come.

The hewed-out residence in the rock was not the only dwelling of this strange being, for his name had been given him by the Indians, from a large house or palace of ice he had caused to be raised in the plain in front of the hill, and where only he received such of their chiefs as he occasionally permitted to visit him.

He was a singular and a very haughty man. His age, judging from his snow-white hair, which he wore very long, and from the furrows on his pale brow, would seem to be, at least, sixty, but there was a freshness in the rosy hue of his cheeks, and a light in his clear blue eye, which made it impossible to judge of his age.

His figure, which was tall and commanding, seemed firm and well knitted together, and his entire manner was most noble and kingly.

At the hour when we choose to introduce this singular character to our readers, he sat alone in a room within his hill-side dwelling.

The apartment was lighted by a single lamp hung from a branch of glittering coal, which had been formed in the curiously carved upper ceiling. The room was literally covered with book shelves on all sides but one, and on this side several paintings were hung.

One of them was a likeness which, though taken when he was younger, could not be mistaken in its resemblance to him who was seated before it.

By the side of this portrait was another, that of a lady, whose age might not be more than a year or two less than that of the gentleman, but one whose face, though certainly

very beautiful, was expressive of a cold and haughty disposition. Her features could be judged, or even a worse character. Her eyes unlike his were jetty black : her features aquiline, but regular as a Grecian sculptor could desire. Yet there was a sneering curl in her proud lip—an expansion of nostril, and a down-drawing of the brow that no one could look at with pleasure.

The gentleman sat by a round table in the centre of the room, with his feet placed upon the fender of a small stove of furnished copper the pipe of which led directly up through the roof of the room.

In his hand he held a book, but his eye was not upon it, for he gazed up at the portrait of the female we have just described. At he gazed with a cold and dreamy look he spoke in soliloquy—

"Why do I love thee yet, thou beautiful siren? Why do I yet cling to the remembrance of her who has been the cause of all my miseries; who has forced me to exile myself from the world."

Flushes of feeling came and went on that old man's cheek as he spoke, and a tear at one moment came out in his full, bright eye, but then it went back again, or dried on the eyelid, for it did not steal down upon his cheek.

While he yet gazed at that strange portrait, a door opened—a concealed panel, which was covered by a painting beneath the two just mentioned and a young female entered, whose beauty contrasted strangely with that of the lady in the picture.

She was young looking—not over eighteen or nineteen years of age—and though a similarity of feature could be traced between her and the lady's portrait, not one shade of similarity could be found in her expression.

The eyes of the young girl were of a deep blue; her hair of a dark and glossy brown. Her arching eyebrows, and the long lashes that shaded her soft, expressive eyes, were still darker, forming a strong contrast to the snowy whiteness of her broad, intellectual forehead, and the rose-leaf hue of her spotless cheeks.

She smiled as she entered, and that smile disclosed a set of regular, pearly teeth, that shone all the brighter for the ruddy lips that unclosed to exhibit them.

Her figure was tall; and judging from the fully rounded bust, tapering waist, broad hips, and the small feet encased in neat-fitting fur-topped gaiters, it was perfectly formed. Her dress, which was of scarlet velvet, trimmed with the fur of the white fox, was quite short in the skirts, and exposed a perfect ankle and the lower part of her large and finely shaped leg; yet not one look or action of hers seemed immodest.

Her hands were snowy white—small in proportion with her foot. She wore three rings, two of them plain, one of these being pure and massive gold, such as is used generally for the marriage bond; yet she wore that unmistakable maiden look which ever distinguishes those who are not wedded. The third ring was yet more singular. It was of a heavy make, of finely chased gold, with a seal shaped like a heart, and a rich garnet set in its centre.

Her graceful shoulders would have been bare, had it not been for the flood of golden curls that hung down her neck and upon her back, for her dress was low in the neck. Her costume, indeed, was well calculated to display her great and singular beauty, and she seemed to wear it with an air at once so natural and artless, that she seemed made for it, rather than it for her.

Though her features were not unlike those of the lady in the portrait, the color of her eyes and hair, as well as of her skin, differed from it entirely.

The eyes of the gentleman fell from the picture on the wall to the living picture, as he heard the light step, and his eye brightened as she bounded forward, and throwing her arms around his neck, cried in deep, rich tones,

"Father, dear father, forgive me for disturbing you, but I was so lonely in my chamber!"

The father returned the young girl's fond caress, and while he brushed back the dark brown curls from her fair cheek he gently said,

"It matters not, my Annie; I was not reading."

"No, dear father," replied the girl, "I know that you were musing on the sad past, which you have so often promised me to try to forget."

"Ah, child! it is as hard to blot the memory of the past from the heart as it is to know the future. Both are impossible."

The daughter seemed to feel that this was an unanswerable truth, for she paused ere she replied, and then it was only to change the subject.

"It is some days since the chief Ossiniwa was here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the father, "he seemed ill pleased with his reception upon his last visit."

"Why, dear father? You have ever treated him courteously."

"Yes, child, save when he broached one subject—his love for you, and then, you well know my stern temper could not brook such presumption."

"He is far more noble than that snake-eyed, hateful chief, Co-atchee."

"True, child; but none of them are a match for thee. Thou wouldst scorn them, if for one moment thou hadst seen the gallant cavaliers of thy native land."

The young girl sighed and murmured,

"I cannot remember them, but if they are like those whom I see in your pictures, and England has bright and sunny spots like those I see in your landscapes, both must be beautiful."

"They are, child, but all is not good that is beautiful. You were very young when I left the land where I saw so little of joy, so much of misery."

"Yes, dear father; for I cannot remember anything—not even the looks or voice of my mother."

As she thus spoke, a flush, which might indicate either pain or anger, flitted across her father's face, and in an impatient tone, he said,

"Annie, why do you speak of her? Have I not forbidden thee ever to name her in my presence?"

"Yes, father; but I forgot, and spoke very thoughtlessly. Do not scold me, dear father?"

As the fair young girl spoke, she pressed her lips to his pale brow, and kissed him tenderly.

Her fond caresses seemed to soothe him, for in a moment he said:

"It matters not now, dear child, but always remember that when you speak of her you awaken very dark memories in your father's heart—thoughts that he would fain bury for ever."

"I will try not to awaken them, dear father, but there is one question which has often filled my heart and arose to my lips, yet I dared not ask it."

"What is it, child?"

"I had a brother—was he like to me, my father?"

The brow of the old man grew dark again; in a tone deep and husky from suppressed excitement he replied,

"Like to thee, Annie? No, oh no! Had he been he would not have turned from me and sided with the proud, vile woman, who drove me to the very verge of madness."

"What is his age?"

"He is seven years thy senior, child, and—but no, I will not speak of him. Get thy guitar child, and sing to me one of thine own simple melodies."

A tear-drop was in the young girl's eye, but she did not respond to his remark.

She arose and hastily left the room, but ere a minute had passed she returned, bringing with her a beautiful guitar, inlaid and keyed with ivory.

Seating herself on a low ottoman by her father's feet, her litte fingers drew from the chords of the instrument a soft prelude; then in a low tone of deep and soulful harmony she sung this

SONG.

I.

O, do not think me thoughtless,
Because my laugh is light;
O, do not deem me heartless,

Because my smile is bright;
For the warm sunlight lieth
Glistening on the pall,
And forth the lightning flieth
The darkest cloud of all.

II.

Think not I'm gleeful ever,
That I am never sad;
At times my heart-strings quiver,
As they were never glad,
And oft my brow is clouded,
And hushed my merry strain;
And ev'ry hope seems shrouded
To never rise again.

III.

Then do not deem me thoughtless
Because I heave the sigh
Which from my heart comes rushing,
Like the winds from out the sky;
Grief is a lonely feeling,
Smiles but oft conceal it;
The stranger tear, down stealing,
On a smile reveals it.

There was a tear in the father's eye when the young girl ceased the plaintive air, which she had accompanied with her guitar.

"More truth than poetry, child!" said he. "The deepest grief is ever that which is most silent. A smiling face may shine above a broken heart, even as a sun-gilded ocean may glitter above a shattered wreck."

CHAPTER III.

THE OCEAN WAVE.

FOR want of a better name, we will call the steamship which was outward-bound in our first chapter, the —

Our next scene is laid in her grand saloon, the time, her third day out: the hour, that which succeeded the one devoted to the duties of the supper table.

The steamer had, so far experienced fine weather, and under a press of both steam and canvass, was making her go twelve or thirteen knots per hour on an ENE course, or perchance, a little easterly of that, and her young commander and his officers were all in very high spirits. So were some of the passengers—that portion, we mean, who had recovered from sea-sickness.

We will now take a glance at some of these, and see how people manage sometimes to slay ancient time, or in more vulgar phraseology, to kill the monotonous hours of a sea voyage.

It was the watch of the first officer, and Captain Frank Lonsdale, the commander of the steamer, was seated in the midst of a jolly circle, who were enjoying some real Monongahela punch which had been brewed by our jovial friend, Mr. Tyrone.

Mr. Prime was there also, enjoying it, and even Mr. Frost was sipping a glass, warming his toothless gums and pulseless heart therewith.

At the moment we slip in alongside these worthies, Mr. Tyrone had been called upon for a song, and after wetting his tune pipe with a second glass of the punch, "broke out" in a rich and very melodious voice, with a song written, we believe, by a popular American poet, the said canzonet being entitled,

THE SON OF OULD ERIN UPON CANAL."

"He! he! What a funny man he is," coughed Mr. Frost to his nearest neighbor, Mr. Prime, as Tyrone finished his song amid the applause of all in the saloon.

"Aye, a jolly, rum cove he is!" replied Mr. Prime.

Mr. Tyrone did not hear these complimentary remarks, for he was, at the moment, addressing himself to a tall, sad-looking, but very handsome young man, who had heard his song

without a smile, and whose mind seemed to be absent from the circle where he sat.

"My lord Ned," he cried, "what is the matter wid ye this bright evening. Ye seem to have the mallygrubs, or some other sentimental disease."

A sickly smile flitted over the face of the young man, and his dark eyes lighted up for a moment with singular brilliancy, while he replied,

"I was only a little absent-minded, my dear fellow. Don't think that I neglect or fail to appreciate your talent or humor, but you know one's thoughts will wander to the past once in a while, in spite of all your efforts to curb them."

"Yes," replied the other, and then putting on a serio-comic face he sung a single stave,

"All around my hat I years a green viller,
I years it for a twelve-month and a day:
And if any body axes me the reason vy I years it,
I tells them that my true love is far, far avay."

"That's what's the matter with ye, I belave, my lord!" said he, as he closed the stave.

"Oh no, my dear fellow, nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if ye won't acknowledge the soft impachement, ye'll not object to do me a another favor?"

"What is it?" asked the young lord.

"Only jist to permit me to fill up yer glass with another ladlefull of this spiritual broth."

"Oh, certainly!" replied the young nobleman, smiling at the earnestness of the request and adding, as he held the full glass in his hand,

"I'll give you a toast to wash down."

"Well, sir, out with it, as the devil said to the dentist when he had the toothache!" replied Tyrone, at the same time filling his own glass.

The young lord instantly gave,

"Here's to Mrs. Tyrone and the little Tyrones—may their shadows never grow less."

"Och, and it's myself will drink that same, and by the powers! I'll give a toast too," replied Mr. Tyrone.

Then as soon as he could regain his breath after swallowing his hot punch, he added, refilling the glasses all around,

"Here's to your lordship: may you live for ever, and when ye die may the Lord above take a liking to ye."

"He! he! what a funny man," coughed Mr. Frost

"Ho! ho! ha! ha! what a rum cove he is," cried Mr. Prime, his fat sides shaking with laughter, as if he was made of calves'-foot jelly, or some other springy substance.

"How is the governess—her ladyship, I mean—this evening?" asked Tyrone of the young lord, as soon as the laughter that had followed his toast subsided.

"She is very unwell. Her trip to America has rather injured than improved her health. She will keep her stateroom all the voyage, I fear."

The Irishman was about to make some reply, when a very pale, wrinkled face, surmounted by a frilled and rumpled nightcap was stuck out from the half-opened door of a stateroom nearly opposite to the party, and a very dry and cracked voice came from that direction, saying,

"Brother John!"

As it was very low, no one seemed to hear it, but in a moment more it became louder and sharper:

"John!—you John!"

Mr. Prime knew that he was called, but he hated to leave his punch so he pretended not to hear the voice of the ancient maiden.

With a cry which would have done honor as a soprano in a concert of screech-owls, the virgin shrieked,

"You John Prime, don't you hear me a callin' you? There you are a swillin' grog, and leaving a poor gal here a sufferin' all the torters of solitoid by herself!"

"One of the old time gals, sure," muttered Mr. Tyrone, as he listened to this uncalled for tirade.

Mr. John Prime, however feeling that "he was sent for," at once arose and waddled off to the stateroom door, where he meekly inquired,—

"What's the matter Priscilla?"

"Matter! the whole world might be a troublin' me, brother

John, and you wouldn't care as long as you had a glass of grog to swig. I'm sick—very sick—I wish I was dead!"

I wish so too, silently thought Mr. Prime, but he dared not say so; he only replied in a quiet tone,

"If there's anything that I can get for you, sister, I'll do it—but if you don't want anything, just say so, and turn in and go to sleep."

"Sleep!" cried the old maid, in a louder key; "jist as if a body could sleep when you and your wuglar 'sociates are a ha-haing and a he-heing, and a singin' horrid songs."

This last expression fell upon the ear of Mr. Tyrone, who said, in a low tone, to lord Wimsett,

"Be jabers, but the ould gal is gettin' rather personal, as the thafe said when the judge was doomin' him to be hanged."

The remark of Mr. Tyrone was made in a very low tone, but as it happened to be delivered in a momentary lull of the conversation, or rather, temper-storm, it fell upon the ear of Miss Priscilla who, darting a look of anger at Tyrone, cried,

"Old! you Irish blackguard! I old! Brother John, if you'll stand that you're no man—go and mill him, or I'll never speak to you as long as I live."

"Then blow me! if I don't let him alone. I'd take a good millin to have it warranted that you shouldn't speak to me again!" replied the brother, now completely put out of patience by the conduct of his sister.

Mr. Tyrone did not like the appellation of blackguard over much, for he immediately replied,

"Yer sex protects ye in what ye say, ye ould she owl."

This last sobriquet was too much for the lady to bear, and springing out into the cabin with no garment on but her night robes, she darted toward Tyrone, screaming,

"An owl, am I? I'll scratch your eyes out, you wile slanderer of virtue and innocence."

But the enraged tigress had not the luck or misfortune to reach him, for she sprang right against her portly brother, who fell to the deck with the concussion.

She, too, fell, but it was on top of him. He clasped her in his arms, where she lay bellowing murder, until the captain arose and lifted her kindly but firmly on her feet and bade her retire to her stateroom.

Upon this she burst into a flood of tears and in hysterical sobs told the captain that she had a great mind to put on her bonnet and to go right ashore forgetting, of course, that she was between five and six hundred miles from the land.

But she knew from the manner of the commander that she must now be quiet and pouting and sobbing, she backed into her room, slamming the door behind her with a violence that shook the whole bulkhead.

Her brother picked himself up, and returning to the table he had left, reached out his glass to Mr. Tyrone, to have it re-filled.

"You are desarvin' of it, sure!" said the latter gentleman, as he filled up a bumper for Mr. Prime. "I wouldn't have a battle with the crater for ten of 'em, if I was as dry as ~~Joe~~ when he swallowed the whale!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMP.

JUST back of the low range of hills which could be seen on the main land from the crest of the hill on the Walkalalah's island was a thick grove of those tall but grand and gloomy pines which are peculiar to the Northern regions.

From amid these, little pillars of curling smoke arose, betokening the dwelling therabouts, of men.

Though the tops of these trees were covered with snow, and their long branches bent almost to the ground with the weight thereof, there was a majestic beauty in their appearance which we can but faintly describe, and which must be mainly left to the imagination of the reader.

One who has dwelt amid the fragrant blossoms and brilliant scenes of the far South, could not but be struck by the contrast of this scene.

In all directions, save this group of pines, the eye looked over a vast plain of glittering snow, spotted here and there, it is true, by a dwarfish bush or some moving animal; but mainly even and monotonous.

The sheet of snow which covered the tops of the trees and the upper sides of their branches made the dark green beneath look all the brighter for the strong contrast; and some of the pines that stood out singly on the borders of the grove, looked like tall sentinels with white watch-coats upon their uncouth forms.

But inside of this grove was another and a far different picture.

In an amphitheatre formed by clearing off all the under-brush and lopping off the lower branches of the trees, was an encampment of about twenty Indian tents.

These tents were circular, and composed of prepared muskox hides, sewed together with the hair inward, and stretched upon a frame of slender poles.

The snow had been carefully scraped away from about these tents, and before each was a small fire that caused the smoke we have already noted.

Before some of these fires women were engaged in cooking, and children played about among the tents, filling the grove with the echo of their shrill voices.

This was the encampment of Ossiniwa, a chief whose tribe had once been powerful, when they dwelt down on the big lakes, but who now numbered only a warrior for every tent in that small camp.

The central tent was larger than any of the others, and on its peak was fastened one of the large golden crested eagles, as a symbol that there dwelt Ossiniwa, or the War Eagle.

Within the tent, on a pile of furs covered by the skin of a white bear, which he had slain with his own hand, reclined the chief, Ossiniwa.

He was a beautiful specimen of the aborigine of North America. Tall, straight as his own lance, well formed, with an eye as black as night, and bright as if each pupil was a glittering diamond; his hair dark as the centre of a thunder cloud, and hanging down in a thick mass upon his broad shoulders, instead of being shaved in all save the scalp-lock, as is customary with the Indians, Ossiniwa could well be called handsome.

His features were regular—of that peculiar cast which ever distinguishes the Indian from the white, and his expression was proud and haughty, without being displeasing. His color was not very dark, being of the same copperish hue of the Moors.

Close by the feet of the warrior sat a female. She, too, had many claims to beauty. Her features were even more classic, though not so massive as his; her eyes were quite as dark, but softer in expression, and shaded by long lashes that drooped down upon her soft cheek, the skin of which looked like the sun-burned rind of a pomegranate, with the juicy veins almost bursting through its clear transparency.

Her delicate eyebrows were arched like the young moon, and her form seemed to be exceedingly well proportioned, judging from the two never-failing criterions, a beautiful foot and hand.

Her hair was braided in several large plaits, and so arranged upon her head as to form a kind of coronet a queen might well envy, so thick, dark, silky and luxuriant was its growth. A single small branch of the green pine was twisted into this coronet, being fitted to contrast with the very pale brow that it overhung.

She was dressed, as was also the warrior, entirely in furs. She wore no ornament except a little silver half-moon, suspended from her neck.

She was engaged in working a moccasin with stained threads, but when a deep sigh was heard from the warrior's lips, she looked up, and in a low, meek tone, with a voice musical as that of the ring dove wooing its mate, said,

"Why is the War Eagle sad? Why is his eye covered with a cloud? Has Lula's voice no charms for him? Has the Young Moon no light to shine upon his brave spirit?"

The War Eagle did not notice this remark—his eye was not

bent toward her; he did not seem to be aware of her presence.

She noted this, and a sigh quite as deep, but more soft than that he had breathed came from her lips.

"The War Eagle is angry with Lula. His face is hid from her, yet she has been fond and true to his lodge!" murmured she. "Lula has walked many a weary journey in his foot-steps—she has builded his fires for many moons. Lula has borne a boy for him, who shall be a great warrior."

As the young woman made this remark she raised a covering of fur that lay before her, and took from beneath it a sleeping infant.

The babe was like a bud of herself, just bursting into beauty, and in its swathing blanket of snowy ermine fur looked like a picture.

The mother raised the babe and kissed it so fervently that it awoke. Its large dark eyes first opened on her with a dreamy look, but in a moment the light of recognition and affection brightened them, and the little duplicate stretched out its arms to her.

But she turned its face toward the father, and more bright glowed the infant's eyes, and it crowed gleefully.

With trembling interest the young mother watched the warrior's face, to see if this appeal to his feelings would pass unnoticed, and as he arose from his couch and passed out of the door of the lodge without speaking, and scarcely looking at her or the babe, she drew the young thing closer to her bosom, and gave vent to a low moan which seemed to come from beneath her very heart.

The child looked up inquiringly into its mother's face, which was now bent over it, and as two great bright tears came and rolled stilly down her dark cheeks, the babe raised its tiny hand, and in trying to catch them, wiped them away. Instinct seemed to teach the little thing of its mother's troubles, for it nestled closer to her bosom, and clasped its chubby arms around her neck, as if to offer consolation.

When Ossiniwa strode forth from his lodge, his brow was dark and his eye clouded, expressive of the trouble within his breast. He passed out to the fire which dimly burned before his tent, and as he kicked some of the half-burned chunks, he muttered,

"Why did the War Eagle ever go to see the flower of the Walkallah? His bow has become weak—his arrows have lost their points. Ossinawa is like a woman."

He paused, for through, between the trunks, of the snow-laden pines, a young warrior came bounding along with the speed of a deer. His only weapons were a bow and a quiver of arrows at his back, and a lance, about ten feet long, tipped with bright steel, in his hand.

As he came near to Ossiniwa, the latter asked,

"Well, what has the 'Fox' seen? Has he been to the lodges of the Co-atchee?"

"He has. The Snake is awake. He will give presents to the Walkallah when the sun is half through its journey tomorrow."

The brow of the War Eagle grew darker still when he heard this.

"How many warriors?" he asked.

The Indian replied by handing the chief a large bundle of small sticks which he took from under his fur blanket. There were, at the least, several hundred.

Ossiniwa took them and without speaking, carefully counted every one. A sad look was on his face for a moment, and he said,

"Once my tribe were like the leaves of the pine in number, like the trunk of the oak in strength, like droves of wild moose in their anger—now they are here!"

And he looked around at his encampment. Then he took the handful of sticks, and with a gesture of scorn cast them into the fire, muttering as he did,

"So may the warriors of Co-atchee perish, if he dares to hunt upon the same path with the War Eagle!"

Then he stood and gazed thoughtfully on them till the last was consumed, when placing his hand to his lips he uttered a shrill, prolonged yell, which echoed through the camp like the scream of some terrible beast.

Within a minute a warrior was seen to spring from every lodge, each bearing his bow, arrows and lance in his hand. In a moment they gathered around their leader, not one of them speaking, but all awaiting his orders.

They were all warriors, men whose ages seemed to vary from twenty to fifty years.

The War Eagle uttered another cry, one lower and longer, and then seven old white-haired men came out from different tents and approached the chief. At the same time all the children quietly went within the lodges, and the women who had been busy about the fires, left them and followed the children.

As the old men came near, the warriors, who had formed a large circle around their chief, opened a passage for them, and then, as they entered, the circle closed.

The War Eagle looked around, then took a pipe from his girdle, filled it from a pouch that hung at his belt, lighted it at the fire, then handed it to the nearest old man, who took a whiff and passed it to his nearest neighbor.

When each of the old men had drawn a puff from the pipe, Ossiniwa took one himself, and handing it to the Fox, it passed around in succession to every warrior present. During all this time not a word had been uttered.

When the pipe was returned, Ossiniwa knocked out its ashes into the fire and replaced it in his girdle.

He then looked at the old men and spoke,

"My fathers! your chief has called you to counsel with him, for you are old and wise. The War Eagle has but one wife, and his lodge is large!"

The old men gave a nod of assent, and uttered the word, "Ugh!" in token that they heard him.

He went on,

"There is a great chief, who is very rich, who has guns and powder—Walkallah!"

"Ugh!" responded the old men.

"If Walkallah becomes War Eagle's friend, he will give us guns and powder so that we can fight and kill our enemies."

"Ugh!" answered the old men.

"Walkallah has a girl—the pale flower. War Eagle's lodge is large."

"Ugh!"

"Ossiniwa will take presents to the Walkallah when the sun awakes the snow-birds in the morning."

"Ugh!" responded the old men, who by their looks seemed to coincide with his simple but forcible reasoning.

"The War Eagle is poor. He wants many furs, for the Walkallah must have a rich present to make friends."

The old men said not "ugh!" this time. They paused, conferred in a low tone a moment, and then the eldest of them turned to the small circle of warriors and opened his harangue.

"You are young and strong—we are old and weak, but the Great Spirit gives wisdom when he takes away strength. You have furs now—when you get guns you can get many more. The War Eagle wants rich presents. The old man has spoken."

When the aged warrior ceased, all of the young men turned away to their lodges, whence they soon returned, each one bringing packs of rich furs, which they laid, without speaking, before the lodge of Ossiniwa.

The old men looked on until the last warrior had laid down his bundle, when the one who had spoken before turned to War Eagle, and said,

"The Walkallah will have his present—the Great Spirit smiles upon thee."

The old men then returned to their lodges, and Ossiniwa, after thanking his warriors for their aid, bade them prepare their best dresses and be ready to go with him to the island of the Walkallah before the morning's sun should rise."

CHAPTER V.

THE HATCHET OF WAR.

THE morning had just dawned, and the Walkallah, according

THE CAMP-FIRE LIBRARY.

to his usual custom, had already risen from his couch. One of his old and faithful servants came to inform him that a small body of warriors, with their chief, War Eagle, had arrived from the main, bearing presents, and that they begged to have a talk with him.

Having ever treated the natives with much kindness, and being in the habit of trading with them for fresh provisions, and other necessities, the Walkallah sent the War Eagle word that he would soon meet him in the Ice-palace.

Arming himself with a long-barrelled rifle, a brace of richly mounted pistols, and dressing himself in a showy kind of uniform, that added to the kingliness of his appearance, the old gentleman soon followed his servant to the ice palace, where, in the large, circular reception room, his strange visitors waited for him.

The bright sunlight glittered on the outside of this singular building, and cast thousands of rainbow-hued rays through the nearly transparent walls, which looked as if they had been hewn out of one vast brilliant of a single mountain diamond.

When the Walkallah entered the apartment, Ossiniwa advanced and pointing to the row of rich packets of furs which had been laid upon the floor, said in very good English,

"The War Eagle has come to see his white father, and has brought him furs to keep him and the Lily of the North warm."

"The War Eagle is very kind," replied the old man. "His present is good; the Walkallah accepts it, and will smoke the pipe of friendship with him."

Giving an order to one of his attendants, pipes were brought in and one given to the chief and each of his men.

After they were lighted, the chief exchanged pipes with the Walkallah, and they smoked for some time in silence.

During this time the Ice King noticed that the dark eyes of Ossiniwa were often turned toward the elegant rifle he carried, and he knew that the chief had but two—old and nearly useless weapons, in his tribe, he took from his own shoulder the well filled powderhorn and ammunition pouch, and hanging it over the neck of the War Eagle, handed him the beautiful rifle, and said,—

"You are a good hunter—you can kill many deer and moose with this."

The Indian's dark eyes glistened with pleasure as he received the gift, and he said,—

"If the Walkallah has enemies, War Eagle will slay them he had rather kill men than red deer; he had rather strike his foe, than the musk ox!"

"I hope I have no enemies. I war not with any—I am kind to all!" said the old man.

"The Great Spirit has spoken to the Walkallah and made him good!" said the Indian. "We fear the Great Spirit, and love them He smiles upon."

The Indian now smoked on for some time without speaking, and the old man saw from his manner that he had evidently some object for his visit, which was not yet introduced. He therefore asked,

"Is there anything more that I can do for my red brother?"

"The lodge of the War Eagle is large and warm," said Ossiniwa; "it is where the great pines spread their arms to shelter him from the cold winds and heavy snows. The lodge is large and warm. The War Eagle is the son of a great King, his tribe is small—but it once was large. The War Eagle has but one wife and she is lonesome."

"The Ice-King now saw the drift of the warrior's speech, but he said nothing.

The Indian continued,—

"The Pale Lily of the North—the star of the Walkallah's lodge, would make the War Eagle's dark lodge very bright. The War Eagle would hunt for her; she should sleep on the fur of white fox, and eat the marrow of the reindeer."

The Indian paused, as if to give the Walkallah time to think, and then went on.

"The hunters of the War Eagle will bring the Walkallah food and many furs. They will keep his lodge full and warm, when the pale Lily is in the lodge of their chief."

He now ceased, and awaited the answer of Annie's father.

The latter in a kind, but firm tone, replied,—

"I have heard the words of my red brother. In the land where I came from, men never have but one wife."

"Ugh!" said the Indian in surprise.

"With us it is a law handed down by the Great Spirit, not to give one man more than one wife."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Ossiniwa.

"My red brother has heard my words. He has one wife now.

"I will give her away to one of my warriors!" said Ossiniwa.

"No—that would be wrong," said the Walkallah.

He was about to continue when a servant hastily entered, and informed him that a large body of Indians were approaching.

Ossiniwa hurried to the entrance of the ice palace, and his dark brow grew darker still when he saw it was a party headed by his enemy and rival, Co-atchee, the Snake.

The tribe of the latter was larger and richer than his, and he, judging the white man from Indian nature, much feared that the wealth and power of his rival would operate unfavorably to his suit.

Grasping his rifle firmly and grinding his teeth with vexation and anger, he returned into the ice palace, and gathering his warriors close together by the heap of presents which they had brought, he leaned upon his new rifle, and haughtily awaited the appearance of the others.

The Walkallah gave a low order to one of his servants, who instantly left to obey it, and then, also folding his arms calmly, awaited the new arrival.

In a few moments the Snake entered.

He was an ill-looking scoundrel. He was low in stature, badly shaped, yet very strongly made; his face was a perfect map of his character—cunning and cruelty seemed to be his prominent characteristics, to judge from his features.

His eyes were small and very brilliant looking indeed, like snake eyes. But he was dressed far more richly than Ossiniwa. Bands of silver encompassed his arms and legs, a plume of red feathers drooped from his coronet of glittering fish scales, which was most curiously wrought.

Each of his train of one hundred warriors, bore a pack of rich furs, and as they came in in single file, they laid them down before the Walkallah.

Co-atchee could not speak English, but he was accompanied by an interpreter, a kind of mongrel or half-breed Indian, who had found his way to his tribe, from the confines of Canada, where he had mixed with the whites, and learned their language,

When Co-atchee entered he glanced fiercely at the War-Eagle, and at his small band of warriors, and then looked disdainfully at the small heap of furs which contrasted so slimly with his larger presents.

But his eye flashed when he saw the new rifle upon which the War Eagle leaned, and scornfully glanced at him the while, for Co-atchee had not a single gun in all his tribe—not even one for himself.

But he had brought rich presents too, and of course expected a present like that which War Eagle so proudly displayed.

But the Walk llah had always borne a dislike to the Snake, and too well knew his treacherous and cruel character, to trust him with such dangerous and powerful weapons, and therefore, after the interpreter had, with a long harangue, presented him with the furs of Co-atchee, he simply returned his thanks and gave that chief some tobacco and a piece of red cloth to make a robe with.

The Indian evinced his disappointment by his looks, as he glanced at the rifle of the other chief, but he was too proud to say anything which would exhibit his feelings, and at once bade his interpreter open the reasons for his visit and presents.

The latter now said,—

"The Snake is a great chief, his warriors very many and very strong, his lodges cover a great plain; they are in the valley of the hills, where the winter winds cannot come up

burn and blow them away. The Snake has many squaws, but none so fair as the child of the Walkallah.

"The Snake has looked upon the pale Lily of the North and he wants her for a wife. His hunters will feed her and make her a bed of the inner fur of the martin and the white fox. The Snake has spoken."

The Walkallah had listened to the entire harangue without speaking, and he now replied,—

"I have heard the words of my red brother, through the lips of his orator. I thank him for his presents, but I cannot give him my child. She is the light of my lodge—it would be dark to me if she were gone!"

The interpreter immediately proceeded to render his language intelligible to the Walkallah.

"The Snake," said he, "has heard the word of his white father. He says there is a home for his white father and all his people in the lodges of his tribe. His warriors will hunt for them, if the Walkallah will give the Pale Lily to the Snake for his wife, the Walkallah shall find a home in the lodges of the Snake."

"I have a home now—my people have food and can buy more if they want it," replied the Walkallah. "Tell the Snake that my child can never enter an Indian lodge, she will dwell with her father."

"Ugh! Good!" said the War Eagle, who had listened with fear all this time, lest his rival should carry off the bride which he had so coveted.

But the Snake was not disposed to yield his point so easily.

After hearing the reply of the father through the interpreter, he bade the latter say that his tribe was powerful, and if the Walkallah did not give him his daughter he would make war upon him.

The old man smiled as he heard this, and at a signal his men servants, twelve in number, appeared, each of them armed with rifles and pistols, also dragging in with them a small brass field piece, which the Indians had before seen discharged and had named it the "Thunder and Lightning Spirit."

"There is my answer to your chief!" said the Walkallah to the now astonished interpreter.

At the same time the few but brave warriors of the War Eagle moved to the side of the Walkallah's men, and Ossiniwa, shouting his war cry, said to the Snake, in his own tongue,

"Your men are women! My tribe is small, but we can fight you. The Walkallah is my friend."

The Snake only replied by casting his hatchet into the earth at the feet of the other chief, signifying thereby a declaration of war, and then glancing fiercely at the Walkallah and his men, left the palace with his warriors, without uttering another word.

When they were gone the War Eagle stepped up to the Walkallah, and pointing to his own warriors, said,

"You are my chief; behold my warriors; they will die for you."

The white man paused a moment, ere he replied, as if engaged in deep thought, and then he asked,

"Will you fight for me without ever again asking for my daughter to be your wife?"

"The War Eagle will look at the white Lily, as he looks at the stars in heaven, which he cannot reach," replied the Indian.

"Your tribe is small, you cannot withstand the numbers Co-atchee can bring."

"We can die, and we can take many scalps before we die!" replied the savage.

"Can I trust your warriors with arms, will you not make war against me if I give them rifle?"

"May the Great Spirit speak in his thunder and curse us, and then slay us with red lightning, if we prove false!" said the chief, laying his hand upon his heart.

"I will trust you. You may move your camp here, close to mine," said the Walkallah. "Co-atchee will make war upon me; I will give your braves rifles, and they must defend me!"

"They will take many scalps," said the War Eagle, proud of the confidence bestowed on him by the Walkallah.

As he spoke a savage smile, proud as it was determined, lit up the bronzed features of the Indian chief.

Rifles and ammunition were soon distributed to the warriors, and under the direction of their leader, they bounded off toward their own encampment to remove their women, children and old men to the vicinity of the ice palace.

Meantime the Snake had hurried off to his more distant camp to raise a party to revenge the affront which he thought he had received at the hands of the Walkallah. He determined to first exterminate the scanty band of Ossiniwa, little dreaming that the latter would break up his camp and join the whites, long ere his warriors could get ready for the fight.

CHAPTER VI

THE RISING STORM.

THE steamer had been out one week and had got well to the Northward and Eastward, and as yet had met with no material difficulty, although for the latter part of this time, a heavy head sea, and a head wind prevented her from gaining much on her course. But the eighth day closed very threateningly.

When the sun went down, Captain Lonsdale stood at the taffrail of his noble ship, and gazed anxiously towards a rising mass of cloud in the southern board, which appeared like vast armies of grim demons forming in dark and terrible array for battle,

"We'll have a cap-ful afore morning, sir," said his mate, a weather-beaten old tar, one of those true hearted, tough and good sailors who never manage to get higher than a mateship; in fact they never have an ambition to get higher.

"Yes," replied the captain to him, "and must take a look at the cargo and see if it is likely to shift any. Tell the engineers to have every thing braced well, and while we've plenty of time you may house to'-gallant masts and get up preventer stays for the lower masts."

"Aye, aye, Sir!" replied the mate—"I'll set the hands about it, but I don't like that big chimney there amidships. It'll hold more wind than a mainsail, and if it goes by the board it's heavy enough to make oven-wood of the bulwarks."

"You must clap on three or four more chain stays and braces," said the captain. "Secure all and bear a hand about it."

In a moment more the mate's rough voice was heard forward shouting—

"All hands to secure ship, ahoy!"

The crew were seen hurrying to and fro, aloft and below, obeying orders and securing everything for the approaching gale. The sea which always rises before the gale is felt, now began to heave in heavily from the southward, and some of the passengers who had not yet learned how to keep their sea-legs, had great difficulty in keeping their feet on deck.

The sea came quartering on the steamer, causing her to roll and pitch very heavily, but she plunged on, now with one of her huge paddle wheels in the water, and the other out, then again with both submerged so much that they could hardly turn in the great mass of water.

"The ould baste reels about as if she was drunk!" said Mr. Tyrone, to the captain, as he crept up to the windward side of the quarter deck, where the latter stood.

"If she is drunk, it's cold water that made her so!" said the captain, with a laugh.

"Then she's like a Boston deacon that I heard of when I was there last. He never had anything stronger than wather in his house, not even a drop o' tay or coffee, an' one night, when all of his folks were off in the country, a visitin', they came home in the mornin' and the deacon was as blue as blazes—all o' the could wather."

"Oh dear me! cap'n, I do wish you would not let the ship shake so much. Do juss let it lay still, and I'll thank you," cried a voice from the nearest cabin hatch.

Upon looking that way the head of Miss Priscilla Prime

was seen to be just peeping over the rim of the hatch, and said head being surmounted by an oil-cloth cap that belonged to her brother, who at that moment was engaged below with Mr. Frost in an interesting game of cribbage at three cents a corner.

Seeing that the captain paid no attention to her request, the antiquated female elevated her voice, and cried—

"Mister captain, can't you hear me? I can't stand this shaking. I shall go all to pieces, if you won't stop it."

"We'll save the pieces, ma'am," cried Tyrone.

"I wish you'd hold your tongue, sir. I was not dressing myself to you, and I don't want any inflammation from you."

"Inflammation! is it? Sure an' you don't need that from anybody."

The old maid cast a look of scorn at him, but disdained any further reply. She again shouted to the captain—

"Will you listen to me or not, mister captain? Oh, you just wait till I git on shore, I'll make the papers ring with your barborious treatment of a young and an unperfected lady."

"Not manin' yerself, at all-at-all, ma'am; for ye are as ould as the hills, and yer ugliness 'ud perfeet ye from the devil himself," cried Tyrone.

"Beast!—you horrid Irish hannibal!" now shrieked the old maid. "Oh if I could get at you, I'd scratch your eyes out."

"I thought ye was related to the Ould Scratch," said Tyrone, with a most comical leer.

"You did, did you! I'll show you then!" and she ventured the whole of her lengthy body upon deck, and holding on by the railings, attempted to get to the taffrail where Tyrone was standing.

"You'd better go below, madam; you'll get wet up here with the spray," said Capt. Lonsdale.

"Then why can't you perfect me from the insults of that horrid wulgarian!" cried the old maid. "Oh you wile villain!" she continued, shaking her clenched hand at Tyrone, and still endeavoring to get to him.

It was unfortunate that she left the protection of the hatchway, for just as she got out upon the deck, a short swash sea struck the weather bulwarks of the ship, and the top of it came in-board and deposited about a hogshead of water directly in the face and over the spare form of Miss Priscilla.

She fell with a shock and screamed with a half-choked voice,

"Help, help! I'm overboard! Save me! save me!" and then as she lay upon deck, half-covered with water, she struck out with arms and legs as if she had already taken lessons in swimming.

Tyrone and the captain both sprung to her aid and lifted her to her feet, and a sorry face did she present to them.

The curls—the three cherished curls were straight as a candle, the rouge and powder on her cheeks lay in blotches, or was running off in rivulets.

"Help me below, oh do help me below or I shall faint!" she said, not looking quite so fiercely upon Mr. Tyrone now as she had a moment before, for the gentleman had his arm around her waist and was supporting her very kindly.

"If you think there's any danger o' faintin', ma'am, hadn't you better stay up here where wather is so plinty?" said Tyrone, who could not refrain from a joke.

"Oh, no, no! I know I shall die, but do take me down stairs, and put me to bed, and let me die decently."

"Sartinly, ma'am, if it is your wish to die decent, I've no objections to helpin' ye," said Tyrone, and raising the slim pattern of mortality in his arms, as he would have done a stuffed doll, he carried her below.

In a moment he returned to the deck, and walking up to Lonsdale, asked,

"Which do you think is the most dangerous, captain—a mad bull or a mad woman?"

"I'm sure I can't say," said the captain, with a laugh. "You who have so much to do with bulls ought to know best."

"Sure, then, I think that a mad woman is the worst baste of the two—axin' your pardon, ma'am, for I didn't know a lady was so near me."

This last part of Tyrone's remark was caused by observing

Mrs. Frost, who at that moment came upon deck alone and walked aft as steadily as an old seaman.

She simply bowed in acknowledgment to Tyrone's apology, and he continued,

"That ould maid, ma'am, has put me out o' sorts, or I'd never have caught myself makin' such an ungallant remark, but she's as sour as buttermilk that's nine days old, and that's as sour as an unpaid creditor's temper. Will you take my arm, ma'am? the ship rows worse than e'er an ould tax cart. Sure she's in the *cradle o' the say!*"

The lady smiled—one of those sad, haughty smiles we have noticed before, but politely declined taking his arm, and passed aft to the taffrail, where she paused and turned her large black eyes toward the southern horizon.

Twilight was deepening, but she could see the rising storm, and instead of looking terrified or anxious her eyes flashed with a wilder, gladder light than when she came upon deck.

"We shall have a storm!" she said, turning to the captain.

"Yes, lady, I fear we shall!" he replied.

"Fear?" she replied, in a tone of surprise. "Fear! you a sailor, and fear it?"

"For the sake of my passengers, lady, of course I dislike a storm, yet I am prepared for it, and anticipate nothing more than the discomfort usual in a storm," he replied.

"I care not for the discomfort," she replied, while her dark eyes flashed wilder than ever. "I love a storm—a glorious storm—my very soul is in it. Oh, if I could be a spirit, to ride on the very fronts of the clouds and sweep over the world and see cowardly mortals shuddering under my frown, I would be content. Fear a storm!—I love it, as a miser loves his gold—as a warrior loves the battle!"

"Excuse me, lady, but I think if you were to see many the romance would soon wear away," said the captain, smiling at her wild enthusiasm.

"What! when I can see a sight so grand as that? Never," replied the lady, pointing to the mass of clouds rising to the southward, which at that moment were lighted up by a long, vivid flash of lightning.

"My dear deary!" cried a cracked voice from the cabin hatchway, "do come down; you'll catch cold there."

Mrs. Frost did not even deign to look toward her husband, who now endeavored to come upon the deck, but was rather timid about trusting himself on such slippery footing.

"Deary!" he again cried; "Elementa, my love, come here, I want you."

The wife still paid no attention to him, and the old gentleman, concluding that the storm made so much noise she could not hear, attempted to go to her.

She saw this; and turning to him, in a tone of careless scorn, she said,

"You had better stay below, sir; this is no place for you. You may catch cold up here."

"But do come down, my dear; do come down!" urged the old man. "We'll make up a game of whist below; Mr. Tyrone'll come in, won't you?"

"I shall not go down!" said the lady, in a decided tone.

"Then I'll come up and stay with you, my dear!" said the old man, and he attempted to reach the side of his wife.

It was but an attempt, however, for just as he got his feet upon the deck, a gust of wind came which not only deprived him of his wig and hat, but also of his footing, and in a moment he was sprawling upon the wet and slippery deck.

"Shan't I take him below, ma'am?" asked Mr. Tyrone.

"You will oblige me if you do!" replied the young wife.

Tyrone quietly raised up the poor old fellow, and tucking him under his arm as he would an umbrella, walked below with him.

It was now growing dark, and with the darkness both the wind and the sea rose higher and higher. Yet the young wife stayed upon the deck, regardless of the spray which began to dash over her, and of the repeated messages sent her by her husband.

"Beautiful! glorious!" she would exclaim, as the red lightning lighted up the black and ragged masses of clouds which came sweeping along with the howling gale.

"The devil take her taste!" muttered Tyrone to himself, as

he heard her remarks. "Sure, if she calls that beautiful, wouldn't she call that a delightful death?"

He did not intend that the lady should hear his remark, but she heard the latter part, and said,

"It would be delightful, compared with a wretched life, sir."

"I believe yer more than half right, ma'am," said Tyrone, a little abashed when he found himself overheard; "but your life cannot be so wretched, sure—one so young and so beautiful!"—

"Did you ever see a flower buried beneath a snow drift?" said she, quickly interrupting him.

"A could berth it 'ud have, ma'am," said Tyrone.

"Such as I have in life! Why should I love life?" said the lovely woman, haughtily; then without waiting a reply, she turned and walked to another part of the vessel.

"She's a strange crater! Be my sowl! I pity her though!" said Tyrone, "to be tied up as she is to that ould lump o' dried bones."

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERY.

WHEN Mrs. Frost left the side of Tyrone, she passed along to where the main-rigging of the vessel was fastened to the chain plates, and there paused, and sustaining herself against the heavy rigging, again looked out upon the storm.

"Oh how grand!" she murmured, as she saw the storm freshening up every moment.

"Yes, lady, it is indeed so!" said the deep voice of one who had stood there, ere she came, without her being aware of it. She recognised the voice.

"Is it you, my lord?" she asked.

"It is, lady!" replied Lord Wimsett, for this was he.

"And you think this scene beautiful?"

"It is grand, very grand!"

"Then, my lord, you are the only man of *soul* that I have met yet. I do not say it for a compliment—but all the rest regard this scene as a fearful one."

"It is fearful to those who love life over-much."

"And do not you love life, my lord?"

"I am sorry to say, lady, that I care but little for it."

"Are you not young, and wealthy, and, most of all, *free*?"

"I am all these, lady, but I am not happy?"

"I know it, my lord, and because I, too, am unhappy, and feel, in your sadness, the sympathy of self-suffering, I have dared to speak to you as I have."

"I am sorry, lady, to know that you, too, are unhappy—but is not this damp spray unpleasant to you? Had you not better go below?"

"No, my lord; I prefer remaining here. If below, I should be exposed to endearments from one I hate—from the dotard to whom I am bound."

"Have you been married long?" asked the young lord.

"Too, too long!" she replied bitterly.

"You are very young?" said he.

"Yes, and even younger than I look. Troubles like mine make one grow old very quick."

"Lady, I dare not ask you of those troubles, yet I can deeply sympathise with you."

"Yes, I need sympathy! You will not ask but I will tell you—I am a *slave*! I was bought—*bought* by the man who calls me his wife. I married him for gold—for gold to save my father's honor and life. I could not tell you *all* now—it is a long and a strange story, but it is a wild one. Were you to hear it you would not wonder that I hate the man who calls me wife—that I am so careless of life."

"Is your father living?" asked the young lord.

"No," replied the lady, with a shudder. "No, I blasted myself to save him, but it was too late. I was deceived and betrayed. I am only living now for revenge. I shall soon be the mistress of millions, for the old dotard will die and leave me all his wealth, and then I shall go and seek *revenge*, such *revenge* as a Spanish woman can afford to live for."

"You must have been deeply wronged, indeed!" said he, "to feel so bitterly!"

"Aye, I was wronged, a noble father was ruined and then foully slain, and all because I was beautiful and would not listen to a villain's love!" said the lady bitterly.

"Does the wretch yet live?" asked the young man.

"Yes, and is high in rank and power, but we be unto him, when again we meet."

"Your history must be one of strangeness and romance!" said the young lord.

"It is, and perchance you shall hear it ere long—yours, too, must be strange."

"It is, lady, but I cannot reveal it—there are others too closely involved in it for me to betray their secrets!"

"Then you have *loved*!"

"Never—never!" replied the young lord. "Except my mother, I do not know that I have a tie on the wide earth."

"Then let us be *friends*," said the lady. "I can be no more to you—would that I were your sister!"

"Sister!" echoed the young man, in a tone of deep feeling. "I wish I had a sister."

"Then *feel* that I am one," said the young lady.

"Thank you, lady," said he. "I had a sister once, but we were separated in very early childhood, and I can scarce remember her. But I must not speak of her now."

"Why not? There is some strange mystery in your life, and I, with woman's curiosity, would pierce it!"

"You may not, lady. Were it only mine, I would share the secret with you,—but I cannot!"

"I will not ask it; but I thank you for your kindness and sympathy to me. Of all aboard, you alone are a kindred spirit—were you not here I should indeed be *alone*."

Warm words, very warm words, for a married woman to use toward a handsome young man, the reader will say, but there is far less harm in words than deeds.

The storm had now broken upon the vessel. The dark clouds enveloped her like a shroud, and the hoarse gale screamed wildly through her rigging.

Her sails had all been furled, the wind was fair, and she kept on her course, with her huge wheels turning rapidly in the foaming water.

The sea began to grow rougher all the time, and every little while it would beat over the vessel, deluging the decks and drenching those who were exposed to it.

"I pray you go down," said the young lord to his beautiful companion.

"And leave you here?" she asked.

"No—I will go down, too."

"And read to me? I cannot sleep when the elements are awake. I feel as if I was a sister spirit with them to-night."

"I will read to you if you desire; but as you spoke of the elements, a curiosity arose in my mind. Why were you called *Elementa*? It is a singular name."

"It is, and was given to me by my father, who was a singular man, but a very noble one. Why he gave it to me I do not know."

The two now left the upper deck, and upon going below, found that all of the passengers were still up in the main cabin.

Mr. Frost was sitting close to a stanchion, clasping it very tightly to keep himself from falling, and watching the companion way with anxious eyes.

As he saw his wife come down, leaning on the arm of the young lord, his little eyes flashed angrily, and he said in a petulant tone to his wife,—

"I've been waiting for you, my dear. It was very wrong for you to stay up there in the cold and wet."

"Some people like being out in the dark with other people, I guess!" said the old maid, spitefully.

Mrs. Frost, or Donna Elementa, as we prefer to call her, made no reply to her husband, nor did she notice the remark of the spiteful old maid, but bowing her thanks to the young lord, passed directly to her state room.

The old man quickly followed after her, and at the same time the young lord passed to his room.

It soon appeared, however, that they only retired to change.

their wet, outer garments, for they returned very shortly to the cabin, and the lady seated herself near to the young lord, who had brought a book with him and was about to commence reading to her, when the old maid came to the upper end of the cabin, where they had seated themselves, and without an invitation took a seat at the same table.

"Has your husband gone to bed, ma'am?" said she to Donna Elementa.

"I presume so; if you feel an anxiety upon the subject you can go and see," said the lady.

"Not at all, ma'am, not at all! How's your mother, my lord?" continued the troublesome old hag.

"I beg you'll inquire of her servant?" said the young man, impatiently.

"Oh it's no matter," replied Miss Priscilla; "only I thought you'd know, I see you're going to read—what have you got there?"

"A book!" replied the lord, growing rather angry.

"Yes, I see it's a book—I hope it's the Bible; I'd like to hear a chapter, or so."

"It is not the bible, then, but a book you dislike—it is *Byron!*" said the young man, still more impatiently.

"*Byron!*" shrieked the old maid, "and you are agoing to read *Byron* on such a night as this? Oh I should not wonder if the ship sinks—to think of such a thing as reading that awful book at such a time!"

"You need not listen to it," said the lady, coldly.

"No, indeed; I will not. And how you, a married lady, with your husband sick or abed, can sit here and listen to it, is more than I can understand. My lord, you mustn't read that book to-night!"

"Must not!" you are taking too much trouble on our account, madam," replied the young man.

"I'm no madam, sir: that's a madam beside you there. I'm a miss, I'd have you to know."

"Very well then, Miss, as you dislike to hear *Byron*, perhaps you had better retire."

"No, I won't go! I see you want to get rid of me—but I won't go."

"Then I hope you'll be silent as I intend to commence reading."

"No, I won't be silent, either. I don't think it is right for you to sit here and read *Byron*, when there's such a storm!"

"You will force me to appeal to the captain and have you banished to your state room," said the young lord.

"I won't go!" replied the virago.

"Och, Miss Prime, but there's the devil to pay in your state room," cried Mr. Tyrone, approaching at this juncture.

"What's in my state-room?" screamed the old maid.

"Sure it has sprung a leak in the berth, and your bed'll be ruined intirely if you don't see to it."

The old maid rushed to her room to see what was the matter, and as soon as she had entered it, Tyrone turned the key which he had put outside, upon her, and then winking to the party whom he had relieved, he returned to the table where he had just left Mr. Prime engaged over a substantial lunch.

CHAPTER VIII.

ICE IN SIGHT.

THE night passed away and with it the dark clouds, and the day, the bright sunny day dawned once more upon the steamer.

We said that the clouds had passed with the night—but not the storm. The gale blew heavier than before. Though not a stitch of canvas was spread to it, and they had stopped her engines, the steamer swept swiftly on toward the north.

The captain had stopped her engines, for she was gaining too much northing, and the sea was so high, that he was forced

to keep his vessel before it, and dared not attempt to head her on her true course.

The scene was changed and yet it was magnificent. Grand beyond the idea of any one who has not witnessed a like one. Not a speck in the sky, not a cloud in sight, all the concave above looking blue and cold. Below, mountains of great waves were chasing each other, and on their crests huge drifts of snowy foam tossed and tumbled.

The great waves seemed to chase the dark hull of the plunging steamer; now they would topple almost over her decks as she sunk into some deep and dark abyss, then rushing on beneath that buoyant hull, they would lift her high above them all, tossing her about as if she were a very plaything to them.

Her spars had all been housed except her lower-masts, and these, with the chimney and wheel-houses, served, by holding the wind, to force her ahead with great rapidity. The heave of the sea, added to her unwished-for speed.

Her young captain looked anxious as he noted how swiftly she drove on, and when at noon he took an altitude of the sun and learned his latitude, his anxiety did not decrease.

"We shall be amongst the ice before another night!" he muttered to his mate, "if the gale don't hold up."

"An' there's not much likelihood o' that," replied the old seaman; "when it settles down clear and blows a gale like this from the southward, I always look for a week of it at least."

"Yes, I fear you are right, but it won't do to try to haul by. If we had the craft in the trough of the sea once, we should never get out again."

"No, sir, our only chance is to keep her before it till a lull but look!—what is that ahead?"

"The ice—the ice!" replied the young captain, with a look of mingled pain anxiety.

"Thank God we made it in daylight," said the mate. "If we'd run foul of it at night, we mightn't have had time to say our prayers before we'd have been knocked into smithereens."

The alarm now became general through the ship. Both crew and passengers could easily see huge piles of ice ahead and on either bow, looking like great masses of fleecy clouds just rising above the horizon.

And the ship was dashing down toward these with tremendous rapidity.

The young captain still appeared calm and cool, but he was deeply alarmed, for the peril was most imminent, the danger such as he could not avoid, and scarcely knew how to meet.

After a short consultation with his mate, he gave orders to have kedges and hausers brought on deck, and then had his boats all cleared away and made ready for lowering, and also made other arrangements for leaving the vessel if it should become necessary.

He also caused his engineers to "fire up," ready to use his steam-power if it could be made of use, and then taking his station forward, watched the prospect, ahead with looks so calm, that they much belied his real fears.

As they are but too apt to do in danger, the passengers all crowded to his side, and many questions was he forced to respond to.

The old maid, as usual, was the most troublesome.

"Why don't you stop the ship, captain?" she asked; "I do declare you want to run us into danger. I never will sail in your ship again."

"I hope not, miss!" responded the captain, drily.

"Don't be afther hopin' ony such thing, cap'n dear," said Mr. Tyrone; "sure the lady is the very life of us now—and if we should get wedged into the ice, she'd be such a savin' o' fire wood."

"What do you mean, sir? What do you go for to insinuate?" cried the old maid, spitefully.

"Nothin' ma'am, only ye will keep us all so warm wid laffin' at yer antics, that we'll need but little fire."

"Laughing at my what, sir? I don't wear anything false, sir, I'd have you to know, and nothing that you can laugh at. Brother John, I tell you once for all that you're no man to stand by so cool and see me insulted."

"Oh now! do-e be calm, Priscy, Mr. Tyrone didn't insult

ye. He's always so funny. Why can't ye put up with his jokes—Ho! ho!" said her brother.

"Yes, yes; he is so funny—He! he!" coughed Mr. Frost.

The ship was now close down upon the ice and they could see the huge bergs pitching about in the heaving mass of waters, in such a way that it made their situation doubly perilous.

The young captain looked around at his old mate, for he felt the need of advice, then if ever.

"We must try and make a lee in there—somewhere!" said the old mate, in a low tone. "If we can find a basin open under the ice of a large island, we'll be safe enough for the time being."

"Then go aloft and see if you can make out any opening," said the captain. "We will try and make head with the steam if we can."

The old seaman sprung aloft, and with an anxious eye the young commander still regarded the scene before him.

But there was one there who thought little of danger, for she was lost in the grandeur of the scene.

It was Elementa. She stood beside her husband, who clung to her arm, as a babe clings to its mother for support. But she did not heed his presence. One of her gloved hands rested upon the dark bulwarks, another grasped an icy rope, and thus she stood apparently unconscious of all present, looking upon the grand view.

There were mountains of white and glittering ice, and against their clear, crystal fronts the huge waves lashed themselves into foam. Far as the eye could reach on either hand, these hills of ice were seen.

Some of them were peaked and lofty, looking like ancient turrets and towers; others were like massy cliffs and long ranges of rock hills; and they were fringed by a sheet of foam. Waves were seen to dash hundreds of feet high as they struck the bases of these glittering peaks, and down toward this fearful chain the steamer was hurrying.

The captain now gave orders for the steam to be applied, and set the wheels to backing water to keep his vessel back as long as possible, from what now seemed inevitable destruction.

But suddenly, above the dash of waters and the roaring of the gale, the old mate's voice was heard from aloft.

"Starboard your helm and let her come a point to port in her course. Make steam on her—there's yet a channel open!"

The order was quickly obeyed, the head of steam was full, and with increased swiftness the vessel dashed down toward the huge masses of ice.

The crew said nothing. Even the old maid was quiet as she regarded the terrible scene before them.

Only the voice of the enthusiastic Donna Elementa was heard ever and anon, as she cried,

"Beautiful!—beautiful!"

The vessel dashed on, apparently right on a huge berg of ice, when suddenly the mate cried,—

"Port! hard a port your helm!"

She luffed up into a narrow opening between two immense bergs, and in a few moments more was in a calm quiet lake of water inside the mountains of ice.

It was well that they had so soon gained the little haven, for in a few minutes the very channel by which they had entered was closed with a terrible crash, and though they were safe for the time, yet they could hear the gale raging in the open sea beyond and by the moving ice could see how dreadful would have been their fate if they had been but half an hour later.

Though apparently safe for the present their situation was anything but agreeable. The gale was bearing the ice fast to the northward and westward off from their course—they were fast locked in a narrow little basin, and when or how they could get out of it, was more than they could well determine.

Captain Lonsdale, put the best face he could upon the matter, and gave orders to moor his ship to one of the shores of his little harbor, and arranged everything so as to render her safe and easy at her moorings, and then devoted himself to reassuring and calming his passengers.

The young Lord Wimsett had spent all of this time with

his invalid mother, but now that the present danger was over, he came out, and by his presence and cheerfulness aided the captain in his rather hard duty. But after all, Tyrone, with his cheerful laugh and ready wit, was the most efficient aid.

"The devil never'll come nigh us here," he cried, after the steamer was moored; "the berth is decidedly too cold for his Satanic majesty."

"He has a deputy here!" muttered a discontented passenger, glancing at Miss Prime.

"So much the better," replied Tyrone. "I'd rather see the Ould Un by proxy than in any other way."

"Look yonder! See, a white bear—two of them on the ice. Who's for a shoot," shouted the captain.

Tyrone and several others announced their readiness, and after donning warm clothing made of skins, they took guns and entered the yawl. When close enough for a shot one of the bears was killed. The smaller one proved to be a female. She stood licking the body of her mate. Tyrone declared he would lasso her with the rope, and jumped on the ice for that purpose. He would have been reckless enough to have attempted it but that his companions saved him the trouble by shooting the brute.

As they got on board the vessel again Tyrone found Mr. Frost on deck and could not resist a joke.

"I s'pose you're very contented now, sir? You're just like a fish in the water, or a duck in the pond."

"He! he! I don't exactly know what you mean, but you're so funny. He! he!"

"Why, bein frosty in age an' name, you ought to feel convenient and asy in this frosty region," said Tyrone.

"It's too cold!" said the old man, then turning to his wife he added,—"let us go below, deary! I shall freeze up here!"

The lady did not heed his remark. She stood gazing at the strange and beautiful scene around her.

"It is strange how romantic some people pretend to be," said the old maid spitefully, noticing the abstraction of the lady's manner!

"May be we could raise a little game of cribbage below now that we're safe an' quiet," said Mr. Prime. "Won't you go down with me, Mr. Frost?"

"Yes, you'd better. I'll see to the ladies," said Mr. Tyrone.

"Thank you for nothing!" said Miss Prime, with a toss of her head. "I can see to myself."

"You're ould enough, I dare say and ugly enough, in all conscience," replied Mr. Tyrone, forgetting his politeness in the insult of her words and manner.

The old maid had often found that she only lost by continuing in repartee with Tyrone, therefore she only cast a scornful look, and left the deck.

Mr. Frost was easily persuaded to go down to a game of cribbage, and, for a wonder, also persuaded his young wife to go down. Lord Wimsett, however, had already preceded her.

Tyrone was now the only passenger left upon deck, and he soon joined the captain, where he and the mate were standing engaged in consultation.

"I hope I'm not intrudin' as the devil said when he went to a Quaker meetin' where the people sat still and kept sayin' nothin' all the time," said he.

"No, Mr. Tyrone, you are not intruding!" replied the captain; "we are only calculating our chances for getting out of this fix."

"Well, sir, and if I may be so bould, what kind of a conclusion will ye come to? as the reader said to a bothersome story."

"Why, to speak the truth, Mr. Tyrone, we are drifting so fast to the north, that I very much fear we shall be frozen up in the ice, and if so, we shall be short of provisions and God only knows what will become of us."

Seeing tears start suddenly into the eyes of the always gay Irishman, he added,—

"Still we will hope for the best. With care, our provisions may be made to last a long time."

"Och, it wasn't them I was thinkin' of at all, at all!" said the noble fellow. "A thought come over me of the dear wife and children that's a lookin' for me on the other side of the

wather! Sure it's them that'll have the heavy hearts, if we never get over to 'em, for they're lookin' for me back with the bit o' money I ha' wi' me, which was to kape us from iver partin' agin!"

"Well we'll hope and try for the best, Tyrone," said the young captain. "But we must prepare for the worst, therefore I shall have to put all hands upon short allowance!"

"Ould Prime'll grumble at that—it is the only way you could offend him!" said Tyrone, brushing away a tear from his cheek, "but I'll do all I can to help ye, cap'n! Let my heart be ever so heavy, I'll keep a light tongue and do all I can to aid ye."

"Thank you, my noble friend! Your aid will be useful. There's nothing like a good laugh to keep the devil out of a ship's company. If I had my way, I'd always have a ship's jester hired and kept aboard."

CHAPTER IX.

▲ YANKEE SKIPPER.

IT was even as Tyrone had prophesied. When the captain acquainted the crew and passengers that, in consequence of their situation, he felt it his duty to put them on short allowance of drink and provisions, Mr. Prime was the only man to grumble.

"I've paid my fare," he cried, "and it included provisions and wine, and I mean to have it."

"You shall fare precisely as the rest do, sir," said the captain.

"But I won't, sir! I'm a large man, sir, a fat man, sir!" cried Mr. Prime.

"Then why don't ye do as the fat bears do?" said Tyrone, with a laugh—"they suck their paws."

"This is no laughing matter, sir," cried Prime, "you may be funny on other subjects, but there's no fun in this to me. I've got my own private stores at any rate, there's a good lot of them!"

"I'm glad to hear it, sir!" said the captain.

"You are, are you! I reckon you think you'll go snacks with me, but you won't!" said Mr. Prime, his face growing redder than ever.

"I don't think much about it, sir," replied Captain L. "You will have to put your stores into the general lot, and receive only your share, and that a small one."

"I won't stand it. I dare you to touch my private stores. I'll knock the first man down that looks inside of my state room!" shouted the enraged Englishman; "I'll have you up for this, if there's law or Gospel in England!"

"Well, well, sir; wait till we get there before you talk of law. Just now we have no law except that of necessity."

"I don't see any *necessity*—we've got three months' provisions on board."

"Yes, sir, and it may be six months before we can get out of this ice—if we ever can. We are very far north now and drifting farther every hour."

Mr. Prime was about to make some reply, when a very strange looking figure was seen to enter the cabin.

What his form was one could hardly say, for it was closely enveloped in a large white bear skin, but the black wool hat over his head, which was tied down with a red woollen tippet, did not look quite so savage. A very red face, fronted by a blue nose, could be seen under this hat, and two small grey eyes peered out from under heavy white eye-brows.

"How do dew!" said this strange individual, and then taking a pair of woollen mittens from his hands, he advanced to the stove and warming his hands, added,—

"I rayther guess you didn't spect to find nobody here."

"Why who are you—where are you from? you did not sail with us," said the captain, in surprise.

"No, I reckon not. I've been friz up in this blasted ice-field nigh onto tew months in my smack, the Jerusha Ann. She lays jest about three mile off—but I send you afore you

got inter the ice, and as soon as I seed you was safe, I thought I'd come over and be neighborly like."

"Then you have a vessel in the ice?"

"Yes, my sloop's fruz up. I got blowed off the Banks, and had to let the sloop take her own way, and thar she is! I don't keer tho', for I've an ideer if we keep a driftin' much longer, we'll get up to Symmes' Hole, and I hev a nation ideer of getting in there, jist to see where I would come out!"

"How large is your vessel, and how many your crew?" asked the captain.

"Why, we're four, all told. There's me and Jethro, my first mate: he's my brother, and does the cookin' too; and there's Aaron the second mate, but he ain't much use in cold weather, and there's Zebedee, the boy, he's a nation good hand in his bunk."

"So you've only one foremast hand?"

"Oh, we all live in the cabin—we're all democratic republicans—you're a Britisher, I calc'late?"

"Yes, sir; this is an English steamer—her majesty's ship

"Then Ireckon her majesty's ship is pooty snugly moored for the winter."

"Have you any idea how large this field of ice is?" inquired the captain.

"No, not prezectly. I've been out a huntin' and I've walked nigh on tew twenty mile north, and hain't seen no clear water."

"You've been successful in hunting, I presume?"

"Yes, kinder lucky. I killed tew of these creeturs," replied the Yankee captain, shaking the skin which he wore over his shoulders, "and tew seals besides."

"Did'nt the bears give you trouble?"

"I guess they did. I killed this ere chap close alongside of the sloop. He was comin' aboard without leave, and so I put tew bullets, into him and he didn't die then till I took the cook's axe and went and chopped his darned head off."

"What were you doing when you got blown off?"

"Oh, I was coming up to the nor'ard to trade. I heern tell that the Injins up along the coost was mighty slack at a bargain, so I thought I might make suthin' handsome out on 'em."

"What's your cargo?"

"Tew or three barril of old iron, sich as nails and horse shoes, a lot of brass buttons, a whole box full of beads, some red flannel that my folks made tew hum, and looking glasses fixed tew paper boxes painted like all natur, and a hull lot of paint fixins and red and yaller ribbons!"

"Pretty good assortment!" said Tyrone, with a laugh.

"You may well say that—I'm an old hand at tradin', and know jest what kind of truck the Ingins like."

"Have you got plenty of provisions?" asked Mr. Prime, dolefully.

"Why, as to that," reply the Yankee, "we're pooty well off. Got nigh unto a cord of codfish, tew barrel of pork, four jugs of 'lasses and ten or tw'lve bushels of beans, not countin' in about three sacks of dried pumpkins that our Lucinder put up to sarve us when we got out of biscuit."

"Do you know what our latitude is?" asked Lonsdale.

"Well, I reckon, yes. I took the sun with my pig-yoke at dinner-time, and cordin' to it we're away up most tew sixty!"

"Yes, you are near right," returned Lonsdale.

"And we're driftin' on like mad all the hull time," continued the Yankee. "We'll not be long a-gittin' to the North Pole at this rate."

"We'll be longer getting back again, I'm afraid," said Tyrone, sadly.

"If we only had provisions plenty I would not care," groaned Prime.

"There's a smart chance of bears scattered round; and the bear meat's fine," said the Yankee.

"Is it?" and the Englishman's eyes brightened up.

"Yes, I tried mine and I've got some of it fruz up fresh now. It tastes first rate fried; but I've had to be mighty keerful of fire lately—I'm most out o' wood!"

"Had you not better bring your crew on board of us; we

can afford room, and one fire will keep us all warm," said Captain Lonsdale.

"Thankee—thankee kindly; but I'd rayther not!" replied the Yankee. "There's nuthin I like so well as bein' independant. As long as my sloop sticks together, I mean tew stick tew her; but that won't hinder me from bein' neighborly. I'll come over to see you once in a while, seein I live so close by?"

"Won't you take something to drink, sir?" asked Prime, who seemed to wish to cultivate the friendship of the skipper.

"Not if you mean *sperrits!*" replied the other; "I never drinks nothin stronger 'an cider or switchell. When you come to see me, I'll make you some capital switchell."

"What is that?" asked Prime.

"Why, 'lasses and water, with a drop of vinegar in it to make it taste sarcy!" replied the skipper. "Didnt you never drink none, mister?"

"Probably not," said the captain; "but I don't think a glass of brandy could do you any hurt."

"Don't know as twould," said the skipper, "and don't know as twouldn't, so I guess I'll not tech it. Our ould deacon, Squire Grant, used to say it was pison, and I took a dislike to it ever since."

"Well, sir, just as you like; but where does your vessel lay?"

"Why she's wedged in, atop of the ice, just to the west'ard of here about three mile, I reckon."

"Golly! its a'most sun-down. I must be slidin' home afore dark, or some of these bars may be a huntin' me."

"Well, sir, you will come and visit us again?"

"Yes, aater you've been to see me. When I'm to hum I don't stand on ceremony, but in foreign parts I can stick up for etekett as well's anybody."

We must now leave these new neighbors and old friends for a time, dear reader, and go to the lodge of the Ice-King.

CHAPTER X.

THE ATTACK.

UPON leaving the palace of the Walkallah, Ossiniwa hastened back to his camp, to prepare for removing his band and their little property to the island.

As is usual with the Indians, a brief council was held, in which the old men were consulted; for the uncivilized savages always pay deep respect to the wisdom and experience of the aged, thereby differing much from the civilized whites of the present generation.

The band, proud of the honor of being allied with the rich white man, and of receiving arms that they could use with terrible effect, all agreed to the proposition, and hurried to strike their skin lodges and prepare for the change.

Until the council was over, Ossiniwa did not approach his lodge.

When he did, he saw his young wife, the beautiful Lula, standing by the entrance, regarding him with a mournful gaze. As he approached she opened the robe of fur which covered her bosom and showed him his child as it slept on her bosom.

He, however, did not appear to notice it, but passed haughtily by, and entering his lodge, seated himself upon his couch of rich furs.

Lula quickly hastened to bring him food. He partook of it silently, and with a moody frown on his brow.

"Is the heart of the War Eagle in a cloud?" murmured the woman. "It is night where his heart walks?"

The warrior did not reply, but ate on, scarce seeming to heed that she was present.

Having finished his "hasty" meal, the warrior arose, and taking down a sea-shell which hung in a basket on one of his lodge poles, and which contained vermillion and black paint, he proceeded deliberately to adorn, or rather, to horrify his face, by drawing alternate streaks of each color over it.

"The War Eagle will dig up the hatchet of blood!" murmured the young wife, sadly. "His band is small—with whom will he go to war?"

"With Co-atchee the Snake! Ossiniwa will strike him to the heart!" replied the warrior, proudly. Then gathering up his rifle and ammunition, and loosening his knife in his girdle, he stepped to the front of his lodge and yelled the war-cry of his tribe.

It was echoed from the rest of the warriors in a moment, and soon the proud chieftain saw his small but now well-armed band standing before him, painted and dressed for the battle.

Gathering around the large council fire they commenced the war dance, while under the instructions of the old men, the women and children hurriedly struck their lodges and loaded them and their scanty stores of provisions and furs upon sledges, to which they harnessed dogs, of which a large number were in the encampment.

The very old people and the smallest children were piled in upon the sledges, like bales of furs, for they were almost smothered in the wrappings which they were now swathed in.

It does not take long to break up an Indian encampment—especially a poor one—therefore the party of Ossiniwa were soon ready for a start.

One of the old men now set up a sad and singular chant, and the train started from the grove at a slow and steady pace, taking the trail to the island.

They were followed by the war party, who ever and anon made the air resound with their shrill and piercing yells.

Suddenly, however, these ceased, as in the far distance they saw the white plain spotted with dark objects, and Ossiniwa at once conjectured that others were on the war path besides himself.

He was right.

Co-atchee, maddened with his reception by the Walkallah, had hastened back to his encampment, and with a large force, was already coming forth to avenge the affront.

His first intent was to crush the feeble band of Ossiniwa, to destroy his encampment utterly, and thus cut off those who had always acted as hunters for the Walkallah, that he might shorten the provisions of the latter, for he was not aware of the immense stores of food, arms and ammunition possessed by the white man.

As soon as Ossiniwa discovered the war party of the Snake, he bade his train dash rapidly on to the cover of the Walkallah's palace, while he, with his scanty band of braves, slowly and steadily retreated, covering the flight of their women and old men.

Co-atchee soon saw the party, and knowing their destination, as also their scanty numbers, rushed on with his large band, purposing to force them to battle long ere they could gain the Walkallah's island.

On, like a maddened drove of wild buffaloes, or like the dark clouds which front the storm, rushed he and his painted warriors. They were very many—at least two hundred.

Yet Ossiniwa shouted with a warrior's joy as he saw them come, for his men were armed with the terrible rifle, and he knew that he could slay many of the foe, and that if conquered, he would die well avenged.

The ground was now a dead level. They had passed all the hills. There was not a rock, or bush, or tree between them and the Walkallah's island to shelter them from the foe, who were gaining rapidly upon them; for their laden train and old men could not move so fast as the eager warriors advanced. Still he continued to retreat.

But an old man quickly told him that if this was done, while the others were engaged with the war party, some of Co-atchee's band would pass on and capture the train.

"The wise man speaks true!" replied Ossiniwa; "we must fight here."

He then halted his train, and forming his sledges into a hasty breastwork, ensconced his women and children in the rear, making them lay down upon the ground, and then ranged his warriors along behind the cover of their packs and sledges.

This was quite a piece of generalship, and it was very neces-

ary, for two hundred to twenty is great odds at any time. But Ossiniwa was prepared to give his foe a "rough and ready" reception.

Co-atchee and his band came dashing down over the plain of glittering snow, shouting and brandishing their lances and bows in the air.

Ossiniwa bade his men keep silent—and, strange as it would seem for Indians, they obeyed, and in perfect silence awaited the foe. Such is the silence of the moment before a thunder storm bursts upon the air.

The foe came on—they were fairly within reach of the deadly rifles, when one shrill whoop from the lips of War Eagle was heard, then a flash and sharp report from his rifle was followed by a quick rattling volley, and twelve or fifteen of the enemy were seen to leap high in the air and tumble forward upon the snow, which was quickly stained with their life-blood.

The enemy were struck with terror and surprise for a moment. They wavered first, then halted.

The warriors of Ossiniwa quickly reloaded their guns and poured another deadly volley into the confused and frightened mass, and the effect of this was so terrible to the ignorant warriors of Co-atchee, that they turned and fled, leaving near thirty of their number upon the ground.

Then arose the shouts of Ossiniwa's braves—and they rushed forth from their barricades, to scalp and finish slaying their fallen enemy.

So far not one of them had been injured; for their rifles had struck the foe before they had time to use their bows, and a few scattering arrows, fired as they retreated, had fallen to the ground ere they reached the barricade.

But Co-atchee was as brave as he was vindictive, and he determined not to let the small band of Ossiniwa drive his immense numbers from the field.

He knew now that they were his superiors in arms, but he still knew that numbers must crush the bravest men, and he determined to have one more trial.

He paused and harangued his men—he told them of their former deeds, and called on them to revenge their fallen friends whom the enemy were scalping even then, before their very eyes. He laid out a new plan of attack and urged his men to another trial of war.

Ossiniwa saw the halt of the flying foe; then after their chief had harangued them, he saw them separating off into six or eight different parties, and with a warrior's quick foresight comprehended the new plan of attack.

Calling his warriors back to their barricades, he quickly arranged his easily moved ramparts into a circle, and keeping his helpless people in the centre, ranged his warriors around, preparatory for the attack.

In a very short time it was made and from all sides. The Indians had scattered and completely surrounded them, and now, with deafening yells, they rushed furiously on to the attack, discharging clouds of arrows.

Ossiniwa's braves were not idle,—shot after shot was fired, and at almost every shot a foe fell to the earth, but Co-atchee's plan had the effect of making their fire less effectual, his men being so scattered.

Therefore this time they were not checked entirely, but headed by their daring chief, a part of them rushed up to the very barricades—these they attempted to leap, but they now fought at a disadvantage, with men better armed and far more desperate than they.

Yet their numbers had weight. Ossiniwa's men had no longer any time to load their weapons, and now had to use their spears and hatchets.

Co-atchee had so far escaped the bullets, and now made a bold rush for the spot where Ossiniwa was engaged. But the latter had his hands so full of work, being engaged with four or five warriors, that he did not notice the approach of the Snake.

The latter watched his chance and drew an arrow to the very head on his bow, and was drawing his aim on the rival chief, when an arrow from the midst of Ossiniwa's party, pierced his right arm and his own arrow fell harmlessly at his feet.

Aroused by the yell of the foiled chief, and by a shrill cry of joy at his side, Ossiniwa glanced around and saw that Lula, his own bride, who was at first so timid, had sped the arrow that saved his life, and as yet he gazed she fitted another arrow to her bow and one of the enemy's warriors, who had already sprung upon the top of the barricade, fell back dead among his own people.

Animated by this example, the braves fought on. Old men wielded the weapons they long had laid aside, and though he lost several of his men, and was himself wounded, Ossiniwa felt sure of victory.

This assurance was soon completed, for the sound of several guns was heard at a distance, and several of the Walkallah's men were seen hurrying over the ice to the aid of their allies.

This at once completed the defeat of Co-atchee. His disheartened men seeing their leader wounded and one fourth of their number dead, gave one yell of anger and despair and fled from the field.

It was now nearly night, and Ossiniwa hastened his train on over the ice to the Walkallah's island. There were many of them badly wounded. These were placed on the sledges, and soon all of them found rest for the night, and safety in the ice-palace of the Walkallah.

And Ossiniwa had not noticed or spoken to Lula since the act which had saved his life.

When the Indians reached the Island, and had received directions to remain for the night in the ice-palace, Lula had spread a couch for her lord; she had spread the softest furs for him, and when he seated himself upon it, she had brought him food, and yet he had not smiled upon her acts, or even uttered one word of kindness to her.

He had seen the Lilly of the North, the fair daughter of the Walkallah, for she had stood with her father at the entrance of the cave as the warriors arrived. And his heart was full of thoughts of her—his eyes were blind to the devotion of the sweet young woman who had borne him a son, which she hoped would be a "great warrior."

She did not murmur at his neglect—she did not act as if she deemed herself wronged. Her dark eye had flashed for a moment when she saw how her husband had gazed at the Walkallah's daughter, but the light softened in a moment, and she seemed to resign herself to the fate of being second in the warrior's heart.

The Walkallah came in soon after the Indians had got settled in their new berth.

"You have fought well!" he said to Ossiniwa, who did not arise, but pointed to a seat on his couch when the Walkallah entered the palace.

"We have taken many scalps! Rifles very good!" said the Indian.

"Do you think Co-atchee will fight any more?"

"Yes;" said War Eagle; "he has lost many men—they have brothers who will fight for revenge."

"Well, we will be prepared for them. On the morrow you shall fix your camp in the pines on the top of the hill, where there is but one path to get to it. You will be safe there, and when the enemy comes we can fight them from the hill."

"My white father is wise, his words are good, and Ossiniwa is his warrior!" replied the Indian.

The Walkallah, seeing that his new allies were made comfortable for the night, now retired, and placed sentinels of his own men at proper points, to prevent any surprise if the party of Co-atchee should re-assemble and dare an attack, of which, however, there was very little likelihood.

AT the time of the occurrence which we have described in other chapters, those on board the steamer, &c., were very near, but also in a most perilous situation.

The steamer had been for nearly three months locked up in the drifting ice, and from frequent convulsions of the immense bergs by which she was surrounded, had become so much damaged in hull, that it was extremely doubtful whether she would be able to float, if her hapless crew should ever find it possible to extricate her from the icy chains which bound her.

We will not attempt to describe the occurrences on board of her during these three months, or how her crew and passengers had managed to kill time, but we will take a look at them as they were situated at the same hour when the Walkalalah inspected the condition of his allies as they lay in the ice palace.

At this moment the steamer was about thirty miles to the southward and eastward of him, drifting with her field of ice before a south-eastern gale toward his island.

To and fro for three months she had been drifted, and now the floes upon which she had rested, crashed against other bergs, parts of it had separated, and other parts had gained size by connection with other bergs.

Captain Solomon Swop, of the sloop, had been so disturbed by "the confounded airthquakes," as he called them, that he had made a bargain with Captain Lonsdale to cut up his sloop into firewood, and to remove his provisions into the common stock on board the steamer.

He had, of course, made a handsome speculation by it, for he charged a good price for his wood, &c., and then, after receiving the money, which he had no likelihood of ever having a chance to use, he had bargained for board for himself and crew, to be paid out of his codfish and other provisions. His crew grumbled very much because they were not allowed to board in the cabin of the steamer, instead of taking their place with the foremast men, but Captain Swop silenced them by a promise of an equal share in his "spec," and kept them from mutiny.

But you shall have a sight of them, dear reader.

In the main saloon of the steamer they sat, and a sorry looking set a portion of them were.

They were closely seated around the stove, in which a fire was kept suited to the very small quantity of their fuel.

We will first look at Mr. Prime. The color was gone from his cheeks, and his form was altered very much. Indeed, as his sister said, he was quite "a genteel figure" now. Short allowance had not agreed with him very well."

His sister looked like the same dried up, withered statue of envy and ill-nature that she did before.

Mr. Frost did not seem to have changed much, but his wife was more pale and thin than before, as in fact were all on board, except the Yankee captain, who did not seem to have lost either in good humor or fat. By the way, he never had much of the latter to lose, being sharp built as well as sharp visaged.

"I think we'll make the land to-morrow, Captain," said he; "'cording to my ca'culation we're in Davis' Straits now, somewhere in 63° west longitude, and not far from 62° north latitude; 'cordin' to the chart there's islands scattered hereaway."

"Yes," replied Lonsdale, glad to say anything to cheer up his sad company, "and if we can once get on shore, we doubtless can manage to reach some of the northern settlements!"

"There's Indians on the coast, I reckon," said Swop, "and where an Indian can live, I can. I'm glad I've got my tradin' traps safe and sound yet. I can make quite a spec maybe if I get ashore."

"Sposin' you should, how would you get your spec home!" said Mr. Prime, sorrowfully. "I hope if we do find the Indians and get ashore, we can buy plenty of provisions."

"I do believe that's all you think of, brother John!" said his sister.

"Well, isn't it enough to make one think of such things," replied the brother, mournfully. "Just look at me; I'm wasted away into a shadow. I can't live long, no how!"

"I hope you'll remember me in your will," said Swop.

"No, I won't. You wouldn't sell out your stock of provisions to me when you came aboard!" said the Englishman spitefully.

"Wall, you shouldn't hold a grudge aginst a feller for that. The captin' and the rest on 'em overbid you. I was bound to make the best bargain I could git!"

"To be sure he was—Mister Swop is a prudent man!" said Priscilla.

"Captin' Swop—Captin' Solomon Swop, Miss, if you please," said the skipper, wishing to have his rank kept up.

"I meant cap'n," said the old maid, with a rash attempt at a sweet smile, for she seemed to have quite a partiality for Captain Swop because he had been very polite to her; his greatest inducement being the very fact that Mr. Prime seemed likely to die, and as Priscilla would be his heiress, Solomon, in his wisdom, had calculated that she would be "a pretty particular good sort of a spec," and had already begun to bait a matrimonial hook. (We should have spelled that last long word thus: *matter-o'-money-all*.)

At this moment an addition was made to the party around the stove, by the appearance of young Lord Wimsett, who came from one of the after cabins.

"How is your mother this evening, my lord?" asked Tyrone, who had neither cracked a joke or smiled during the evening.

"Better, my dear fellow," replied the young man; "she seems to revive strangely of late, but I fear it is only a false brightening up, as you see a lamp blaze brighter than ever a moment before it expires."

"I hope not, my lord," said Captain Lonsdale, "I have yet strong hopes of our safety and escape from the dangers we are in."

"How, Captain?"

"Why, if this wind continues, and we drift this same course much longer, we shall be driven ashore, and probably within a few hundred miles of some station of our northern fur companies. I never shall give up hope while we have life, and if this wind lasts, we'll surely reach land soon."

"Then I hope it will last forever, and a day afther," said Tyrone.

"Sure if I could swap the whole world for a look at my wife and the childers, I'd think it chape."

"What did you say?" asked Captain Swop, who had only caught a word or two of Tyrone's remark.

"Nothing about trade, Cap'n Swop," said Tyrone, quietly.

"You do not seem to be cheered up by our prospects, or rather hope, of escape, lady," said Lord Wimsett to Mrs. Frost.

"No, sir, I feel quite indifferent about it," she replied, "There are situations in life that only death can better."

"I'd like to know what you mean, deary," said her husband, looking at her sharply with his little grey eyes.

"Nothing, sir; nothing that concerns you," said she, coldly.

Miss Priscilla, who was speaking to Captain Swop, turned up her nose at this reply, and said loud enough to be heard by the rest of the company,

"If I was a man, I guess I'd see that what concerned my wife concerned me. Wouldn't you, Cap'n Swop?"

"Why, I don't think if iver I was to git married, I'd feel that ar way," said Swop, looking awfully tender at Miss Priscilla.

"And you'd marry a little nearer to your age than some folks in the world, wouldn't you?"

"I'd like to marry somewhar nigh on to it," replied Captain S., looking the old maid over, as if he was calculating whether her age and his would tally anywhere near even.

"I say, Cap'n, seeing there is a chance of us getting onto the blessed terra firma once more, hadn't we betther take a sup out of that last keg of Jamaica?" asked Tyrone.

"I've no objections," said Captain Lonsdale.

"Nor I," said Prime. "Hurrah for Tyrone's proposal!" cried Mr. Prime.

"He! he! It's what I call a *spirited* idea! He! he!" said Mr. Frost.

"Who'll buy my share—I don't drink any sperrits—but a share of it is mine, 'cordin' to the bargain," cried Swop.

"I'll take it," said Prime.

"But what'll ye give?"

"Anything in reason."

"Wall, let's see—I'll take—how much'll my share measure, Cap'n?"

"We'll share half a tumbler full around," said Lonsdale, with a smile.

"Then I'll take a guinea for it," said Captain Swop.

"I'll give it," replied Prime, with a sigh. "Money is no use here, and I need a little grog."

The liquor was soon shared around, and strange as it would seem, the ladies had a share poured out for them also.

Captain Swop looked very hard at the old maid's share, as if he would like to sell that, too, but she seemed disposed to make a better use of it than that, for, taking up her tumbler, she held her nose with one hand, and making a very sour face, drank it off at a single swallow.

Swop said nothing, but he sighed very heavily.

Mrs. Frost did not touch hers, though the rest drank off their allowance in silence.

"Won't you drink the spirits; it'll do you good, deary!" said her husband.

"No, sir, you can use it yourself," she replied.

"Won't you sell out to me—you don't need a double share?" cried Mr. Prime.

"What a hog you are, brother John," cried his sister. "I don't see how you can drink so much of that nasty stuff."

"You got your share down easy enough," said he, spitefully.

Mr. Frost put an end to the dispute by swallowing the liquor himself, remarking that he thought it would warm his blood.

His blood!—just as if such a dried up piece of skin and bone had any blood.

The company were suddenly startled to their feet by the sound of a gun, fired apparently at a distance, but still it could not be mistaken by them. It was the booming sound of a cannon.

They all started to their feet, but did not speak for a moment, for they could scarcely believe the truth of their ears.

Suddenly they heard another, and then another, until seven or eight cannon were fired in quick succession.

CHAPTER XII.

TREMENDOUS PERIL.

"WHAT the devil can it mane?" cried Tyrone, who was the first to break the silence.

"Perhaps it is only the report of the breaking up of the ice in some of the bergs," said the young lord.

"No," said the captain, "I've heard cannon too often to mistake the sound. Those were guns, and they cannot be very far distant—not many miles."

"Och, hullaboo, whack!" cried Tyrone, jumping up and cracking his heels together. "Sure an' now I feel a glimmer of hope in my heart—sure an' I'll yet have a chance to see the wife and chil'der."

"There must be white folks—Inguns don't have cannons," said Captain Swop, with a vexed look.

"There's darned little profit in tradin' with white folks—they know to much."

"Where white folks live, they're apt to have plenty to eat!" said Mr. Prime, with a gratified look.

"Without they happen to be on a vessel as we are—wrecked and starving!" said Lord Wimsett. "Those may be fired in distress."

"That is true—I don't see what else than a wrecked ship would have cannon in this region," said Lonsdale.

"Might it not be one of the discovery ships—Lord Franklin is in the north somewhere," said the young lord.

"That's true—you've hit the mark, I expect!" said Lonsdale, brightening up, and then he grew gloomier as he added,

"But she may be in distress, too."

"I don't think so: because if she was, for what would she fire distress guns up here for—maybe it's a fight they're having with the Indians," said Tyrone.

"I wish daylight would come," said Lonsdale, "it might serve to dispel our doubts and explain all."

Reader, we will tell you, "in confidence," the meaning of the cannonade.

About midnight, or a little earlier, Co-atchee, with a reinforcement to his band, made his appearance before the fastness of the Ice-King.

The latter had discharged three or four small brass field pieces, which he had, several times, for the purpose of keeping them at a distance, and it had the effect of scaring them from his very doors, but not of routing them altogether, for they still kept up their yells and war-shouts at a distance.

But the Walkallah cared but little for them. His dwelling was well arranged for defence; he had plenty of arms and ammunition, and he feared very little such weak opponents.

When daylight came, he knew that a few well-directed charges of grape would scatter them, and he only directed his sentinels to keep a careful guard that none of them might be murdered.

The day broke at last—and we will return to the steamer to see how those on board enjoyed its breaking.

Not an eye on board, except old Frost's, had closed, and he had slept because his double allowance of grog had made him rather boozy.

When the day broke, Lonsdale was at his mast-head, but even those standing on the deck could see that the land was in sight.

Upon the crest of a lofty precipice toward which they were driving, they could see the tall pines, and all along to the west of them could be seen snow-covered hills, dotted here and there with clumps of evergreen trees.

Then while yet they were gazing at some specks upon a distant plain, which seemed to be moving bodies of men or animals, they heard again the reports of cannon, and saw the specks hurry across the plain, while near to them, and apparently from just beyond the hill which was crested with pine, they saw smoke arise, showing that the firing was near.

Still, as they were, in a measure, behind the hill, they could not see the ice-palace or discover the location of the Walkallah's residence.

Lonsdale came quickly down from the masthead.

"We, too, must burn powder, and we soon will see whether they are friends, or what aid we may expect," and he gave orders for the pilot-gun—a six-pounder—to be fired.

At the same time he ordered the English flag to be hoisted at half-mast, as a signal of distress.

As soon as the gun was ready it was fired, and in a very short time afterwards persons were seen among the trees upon the top of the hill.

Captain Swop, who instantly fixed his spy-glass and began examining them, cried, in a moment, with a voice full of glee,

"By golly, they're red-skins, sure enough! I'll have a chance for a dicker. My traps will come in play now."

"I do hope they are not on short allowance," sighed Mr. Prime.

"By Heavens! there goes the English flag up on a pole amongst the trees!" shouted Lonsdale. "We'll find friends!"

"Och, hullaboo whack! and I shall see the wife an' chil'ders yet!" cried Tyrone, dancing about the deck for very joy.

"I'm afraid we can't git this ere confounded ice island tew an anchor!" said Swop, who was coolly calculating the chance.

"We will, at any rate, get our boats ready for use!" cried Lonsdale, and he at once gave orders to his crew to prepare them.

"It was indeed time for this, for now a new and terrible danger threatened them.

A part of the huge ice-island had already reached the rocky reefs outside of the island, and shattered by the force of the concussion, was dashing high in air, while the whole berg commenced cracking and crushing together in a fearful manner.

The strained hull of the steamer creaked and groaned, her seams, that had already been widely opened by the frost, now yawned wide apart, and it was apparent that if her ice support gave way, she would soon sink to the bottom.

And now the icy plain between them and the shore, before so smooth and level, began to heave and break up in huge fissures, until they had no apparent means of reaching the land, either by ice or water. Their boats could be of no service.

"My God! this is too hard," said Tyrone; "here we are just saved, and afther all we've got to die."

"Hush! cheer up and don't dishearten the rest!" said Lonsdale in a low tone, assuming a calmness which his deep pallor evidently belied.

The people on shore now certainly saw the peril of the steamer and her crew, for numbers of them were seen running from one point to another, apparently as if to prepare to aid them if it should be within their power.

All the crew and passengers of the steamer were on deck excepting Lord Wimsett, who had remained below with his sick mother and her single female attendant.

Lonsdale noticed his absence and said to Tyrone,

"I wish you'd go down to your friend, Mr. Tyrone, and tell him that we shall soon have to try for the shore—the ice is breaking up, and the steamer will go to pieces along with it!"

"Shall he bring up the ould lady, too?" asked Tyrone.

"Of course, if he wishes to save her," replied Lonsdale.

"Then he'll need my help; but I'm off, as the fly said to the spider!" and away the noble Irishman started on his errand.

The danger of their position became each moment more imminent, but the grandeur of the scene increased with the peril.

Huge cakes of ice would suddenly be upreared like marble pillars raised to front a magic palace; then again they would tumble forward in a yawning gulf of clear water and be buried in a mass of foam of their own creation.

The ice field seemed to melt away as it crushed in against the cliffs, though in fact it was only becoming more and more compressed as it piled in amid the breakers—the wind from outside and the huge rolling waves forcing it in all the time.

"We're in purty much of a pucker here!" said Swop, as he gazed at the scene. "I reckon there's about eight chances and a half against all of us gittin' ashore, and if we do it'll only be with our bodies, and we'll have to lose our traps, and that'll be hard."

"There's not much to eat aboard!" said Prime, "and we've drank the last of our liquor. We can't be worse off."

At this moment Lord Wimsett came upon deck, supporting a lady, but the latter, who was understood to be his mother, was so closely veiled and muffled up as even to conceal her form.

She had not been seen by any of the passengers since the ship sailed, having kept her stateroom on account of illness. Her son and a maid servant alone had attended to her.

Her feeble steps betokened her weakness, as she came on deck, supported on one side by Tyrone, and on the other by her son.

The old maid had been standing near to Captain Swop all the time, gazing stupidly on the shore, for she thought, of course, as landsmen always do, the nearer the shore the less the danger.

Mr. Frost leaned, as usual, upon his wife's arm, but she seemed all unconscious of his presence, while with dark and flashing eyes she gazed upon the terrifically grand scene before her.

Lonsdale watched each movement of the ice and his vessel with eager and painful interest, ready to meet any emergency or to take advantage of any chance of escape that might occur.

The people on shore had gathered down about the cliff, and appeared ready and anxious to offer any aid in their power, but alas! it seemed as if none on earth could be given—it seemed as if the ill-fated steamer and her luckless passengers were, indeed, doomed!

Now the ice, in its thundering crashes, made a noise so loud that not a word could be heard on board of the steamer, and looks only could be exchanged.

And, reader, dark and dreadful as seemed their fate, there were portions of the tableau really laughable.

Prime stood with both hands pressed on his much-decreased abdomen, looking wistfully at the shore. Priscilla, forgetting her maiden modesty and bashfulness, had clasped Captain Swop tightly around the neck, calling upon her "dear Solomon" to save her, while he struggled in vain to escape from the grip of her long gaunt arms. Mr. Frost, in stupid terror, had fallen to the deck, where he clung to the skirts of

his young wife's dress, blubbering out something about "dying so soon, before he had been married a year."

We will now change the scene to the shore.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LANDING.

WHEN the report of the gun fired from the steamer had attracted the attention of the Ice-King and his people, they hurried to the hilltop to see whence it came.

The steamer was soon descried and her perilous situation reported to the Walkallah.

When he stood upon the hilltop and saw her drifting in, his brow grew dark, and with an impatient gesture he cried to an old servant that stood by his side,

"I thought we were free from interruption here and separated from the cursed world; but even fate seems to be against my peace."

"Ah, my lord," replied the aged servant, "it is their misfortune more than yours. And beside, I much doubt that they will ever reach the land—see how the ice drives in upon the reefs and crushes as it strikes—see how it is cracking farther out. No hull that was ever built is strong enough to bear such fearful shocks!"

The Walkallah did not speak, but gazed silently out upon the terrific scene.

A gentle hand was laid on him—he looked down and saw that his beautiful daughter had come to the hilltop also.

She stood there and trembled and clung shuddering to his form.

"Oh can it be that there are human beings yonder in that dreadful danger?" she inquired.

"Yes, child; see there the flag of the country of thy birth."

"And must those people perish?"

"I hope not, child; but yet I do not see how they can escape. It rests with God, for human help can be of small avail."

"Oh then let us pray for them," tearfully urged the young and beautiful creature.

The Walkallah turned to his servants and bade them bring ropes and stand in readiness to render aid if any chance offered.

Meantime his young daughter stood there, her lips moving in inaudible prayer, her long curls blowing out upon the breeze, her small hands clasped together.

The Indians were scattered along the rock, looking eagerly out toward the vessel, which was fast coming in on the quaking field of ice, her dark hull rising and falling, writhing and bending, as the ice heaved and cracked beneath and around her.

At last the field seemed wedged in against the cliff, its huge, irregular masses having become as densely packed as they possibly could.

Then from the outer edge of the ice-field, huge masses began to crack off from the reacting pressure and to swiftly drift up along the still open channel.

Now the danger of those on board the steamer was more imminent than before. Each movement of the ice but racked her hull the more, and each moment the ice broke off and left her nearer to the open sea in which she was now so unprepared to float.

Her captain comprehended this peril. He knew that then or never was the time for his passengers and crew to leave the doomed steamer.

Suddenly the people on shore saw a man leap over the steamer's bulwarks on the quaking, heaving ice!

He urged the rest to follow. Then two were seen to pass a female form over.

Four of the sturdiest of the crew hurried over and took the lady in their strong arms.

They bore the form of Lady Wimsett.

Then others were seen to follow, till every person, save one, from the steamer, stood on the ice.

That one was a woman. Her companions seemed to be urging her to follow, but she stood upon the bulwarks gazing out toward the open sea, watching the huge masses of ice as they crumbled off and floated away.

A portion of the party now attempted to make their way to the land, but others remained to urge the lady who remained to follow.

But she seemed deaf to entreaties or blind to her danger.

The ice had cracked away close to the steamer—she seemed to totter and reel as if about to be plunged into the yawning gulf, and still the fated being, Donna Elementa, moved not.

Her childish old husband stood and shrieked and tore his thin grey hairs—he was too weak to regain her side—the others made motions and shouted in vain for her to follow.

Suddenly one who had stood beside Lady Wimsett left his party, and returning to the steamer stood beside the Spanish lady. By his motions—for nothing could be heard in the dreadful turmoil—he was seen to urge her to leave the fated vessel.

She smiled, pressed her hand to her bosom, and then pointed to the open sea, as if she would say that she sought death—that there she could bury sorrows which were too dark and wild for her to bear.

Yet he was seen still to urge her, to point to the distant shore, and urge her at least to attempt to escape.

But she pointed toward the drivelling dotard on the ice—the husband whom she had been forced by a most cruel fate to wed—and scornfully laughed as if she would say,

"Shall I live to be the wedded slave of such as he? Shall I live for such a loathsome fate?"

Then the young man was seen to kneel at her feet, to clasp her hand and press it to his lips—then her firmness seemed to waver—she looked fondly down in his eyes—he seemed silently yet eloquently to plead—while she seemed to ask him some questions of strong import to herself—the look and attitude seemed to ask,

"Shall I live for thee?"

And his in return seemed to plead that she should quit that fearfully perilous place immediately.

She seemed undetermined, but suddenly with a crash like thunder, the ice beneath them began to give way and the steamer slowly commenced to sink.

Then those already on the ice turned and fled toward the main—the old man, cowardly as he was dotardly, fleeing along with the rest.

Lord Wimsett waited no longer for her determination. He raised her lovely form in his arms and sprung from the sinking bark upon the firmer ice.

There one moment he paused—it was to press his lips to hers—to receive in return a burning, passionate, firey kiss—an embrace, too—too full of passionate fondness.

Then while the fated steamer, with her cracked and shivered hull sunk forever from sight, they two passed on, slowly but cautiously passing over the packed ice toward the land, following the others, some of whom had nearly gained the shore.

When the Walkallah saw that the people from the wrecked steamer would gain the shore in safety, he gave orders to the few that knew his real name not to mention it to the strangers, and stated to his daughter his determination never to see any of them.

He did not wish to be known or to awaken any recollections of the land he had left and foresworn forever.

He gave orders, however, to extend to the strangers the most liberal hospitality, and not only to yield them present succor and shelter, but to give them food, clothing and arms, and whatsoever they should need, and to bid them consider his dwelling their home so long as they should be forced to remain.

Two rooms alone he reserved for his own use, and interdicted all visitations to these—his library and his bed-room.

Giving these directions to his steward and daughter, he hastily left the cliff and returned to his rooms—to hide himself from the new-comers.

Meantime, slowly and with great difficulty, the party from the ship were approaching the shore, but still they proceeded safely onward.

The first who touched the land was Captain Swop, and upon his arm hung Miss Priscilla Prime.

The Yankee turned as soon as he was safe, and seeing that the steamer had sunk, exclaimed, in a bitter tone,

"She's gone, consarn it, she's gone!"

"Who's gone—the stuck up Spanish woman?" asked the old maid.

"No; the blasted steamer, with all my traps aboard—ain't a cussed thing left to open trade with."

The next who reached the shore was Prime—he took one glance at the hearty looking English servants and smiled.

"They aren't starving here—no more short allowance," he cried.

The other party, headed by Capt. Lonsdale arrived a moment after.

The latter, as soon as he landed, hurried up the shore and addressed himself to the steward of the Walkallah.

"Where are we?" he asked. "Is there a ship here, or is this a trading port?"

"Neither, your honor," said the old steward "but we have room for ship-wrecked people, and also, every comfort which ye may need."

"Yes," said the beautiful daughter of the Walkallah, "though my father is indisposed to receive strangers in person, he has bidden me make them welcome."

"Your father, lady?" cried Lonsdale, gazing with pleased surprise on the beautiful being who stood before him. "Who is he?"

"One who will be glad to afford aid to you and your party," replied the maiden, "but whose name will be of no use to you. He has chosen to bury himself from the world—fate has brought you hither, he opens his doors to the suffering, but would not be questioned as to what he now is, or what he has been."

"In the name of my passengers and crew I thankfully accept the proffered hospitality," replied Lonsdale, still gazing on the lovely girl with undisguised admiration.

"The steward will usher your party to my father's dwelling—permit me now to retire and prepare for your reception, for I see ladies in your company!" said the young girl, and she hastily retired, leaving the servants to aid the landing of the strangers, and usher them to the cave.

All of the party were on shore before Donna Elementa and Lord Wimsett crossed the ice.

Mr. Frost stood on the shore, leaning for support against a huge pine tree, and gazing at them with undisguised anger, as arm in arm they approached, apparently engaged in calm conversation.

The old man advanced as they reached the shore.

"I suppose I've you to thank, my lord, for bringing my deary on shore," he cried in a spiteful tone.

"There is no need of thanks, sir; I am more than paid by the pleasure I feel in seeing her in safety," replied the nobleman.

"Well, sir—my lord, I mean; I'm much obliged to you—that is—thank ye! Deary, come with me," and he attempted to take the arm of his wife.

But she indignantly thrust him off, saying,

"You deserted me on the wreck to save your miserable remnant of a life; leave me to myself now, if you please."

"But, deary, it was so dreadful—"

"Let us move on!" said Lonsdale, interrupting all. "We now have a comfortable shelter offered us, which is close at hand."

"Excuse me, Donna Elementa," said Lord Wimsett. "My mother needs my attention now."

The lady only bowed, but if ever eyes spoke, then did hers in volumes of thankfulness as she returned his glance.

And yet the look he cast on her was cold and passionless; he did not return her burning glances, his face did not flush up like hers as he spoke.

The whole party were now safely landed, and they passed over the hill to the dwelling of the Walkallah.

We will not pause to explain their wonder at seeing the ice-palace, or their astonishment upon finding the dwelling, so singular and yet so comfortable, in the hill of anthracite, but we have but a short space to tell a long story in, and must condense as much as possible, leaving much to the imagination of our readers.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

IT was another day. The passengers of the "Lost Steamer" had all been assigned comfortable apartments in the dwelling of the Walkallah.

His servants, it is true, had been crowded a little closer; many new arrangements had been made, but the new-comers had been made comfortable, although somewhat at the expense of comfort and disarrangement of those who had before occupied the apartments.

The Walkallah had carefully confined himself to his rooms, and had not seen any of the strangers.

He was in his library at the hour when we choose to lift the curtain of this chapter, and his young daughter had just entered.

"Well, child," said he as she came in, "are these strangers comfortably settled?"

"Yes, dear father, as well as the room will permit. Ossiniwa has encamped among the pines on the hill, and the crew of the vessel are in the ice-palace. The captain and the passengers are here in the cave along with us!"

"How many—who are they?"

"There are many, father. There are three ladies—one who is sick I have not seen yet—another one is very beautiful, and the third isn't so pretty."

"Did you ask their names?"

"No, father—as I had to refuse to tell yours, I hated to ask theirs."

"It is as well—what do I care for their names? Have you seen to their wants—have they food and clothes?"

"Oh yes, father! There was one such funny man amongst them. He ate more than all the rest, and then kept asking Robert if we had more, if there was no danger of being put on short allowance."

"Poor fellow!—had been half-starved on board the wreck, maybe."

"I suppose so, sir. He ate as if he'd been starved for a year."

"Well, Annie, now that you have seen them, what do you think of your countrymen?"

The girl blushed, but replied without hesitation,

"There are two or three, sir, that look very noble and very handsome—the rest look just like our servants! The captain is very handsome!"

"Then be cautious and don't fall in love with him."

"In love, sir—what's that—how do you mean?"

"Why, child, don't love him more than you do me."

"Oh never—never! dear father!" cried the fair girl.

The old man paused and sighed deeply.

"Why do you sigh, dear father?" asked the affectionate girl, "have I offended you?"

"No, no, dear Annie!" replied he. "I was thinking how unjust it is in me to bury you, who are so lovely, from the world."

"But, dear father, I am happy here with you, I do not wish to go into the world. How often you have told me it was dark and full of sin and misery."

"True, child."

"Did it not drive you from it, dear father; or rather, did you not leave it in anger and disgust?"

"It was so, Annie, yet with all its clouds and miseries, there are sunny spots and gladdening things in the world."

"But, father, I care not for them. How happy I have been with you here in our dear library, reading the histories of the

past, and listening to your lessons. Dear father, I have not missed the world."

"Bless you, child! may the Almighty bless you!" said the father, tearfully. "Now leave me to myself for a while and see if you can give aid to those who are cast upon our hospitality."

The daughter kissed her father's pale brow—then turned and left him.

It was a rich scene, indeed, when Mr. Prime sat down to the first meal in the Walkallah's dwelling.

He ate as greedily as if he expected at once to be placed on short allowance again; he drank as if he thought this was a chance which might come no more, and consequently must be improved.

Captain Swop ate heartily, but his attention was much taken up with the table furniture, &c.

"Be these rale silver?" he asked of a servant, raising some of the heavy forks and spoons.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, vainly attempting to hide a smile.

"Then this 'ere Mister What-d'ye-call-him is rich."

The servant nodded a reply, and then hurried to obey Mr. Prime, who wanted another slice of BEEF, as he called the choice piece of roast musk ox which graced the head of the table.

"Well," said Swop, "if he is rich, I wonder if he wouldn't lend me some capital to set up on. There are lots of Indians in these ere diggins—if I could git a start wonst, I'd go ahead as sure as Crockett! But I 'spose he will want security, and all that!"

"I could give him that if we were only in Old England!" said Priscilla, with a sigh. "I have ten thousand pounds in the stocks there."

"Ten thousand pounds—four times nought is nought, four times nought is nought and nuthin to carry, four times nought is nought; and once more—four times one is four. Why, let me see!—multiplied by 484—that's the way to do it—why, you're worth forty-eight thousand four hundred dollars."

"Yes, but it is in England," sighed the maiden.

"Never mind, we're on terry firmy now, and travelling is cheap in this country, I'll bet a cooky! You'll git to England afore you're married yet."

"I hope not!" sighed the old maid.

Then looking as tenderly as she could, she added,

"Have you forgotton what you said aboard the steamer, Solomon?"

"Oh, no!" replied Swop, "but we hain't got no minister here to marry us!"

"But they must have one here. There are people and children here, so there must be somebody to marry 'em!" said Priscilla, with another dreadful attempt at looking sweet.

"Hain't seen nuthin but Ingun babies; guess there ain't no white 'uns," said Swop.

"How do they marry?" asked Miss Prime.

"What, the Inguns?"

"Yes."

"Oh, they jump over the broomstick, I reckon. Never hearn tell of no other way."

"If people really *love*," continued Priscilla, "I don't see as it makes very much difference by what form they are married."

"Well, it ought to be lawful!" said Swop; "if it ain't, you see, the man can't git no hold on the woman's property!"

"Yes, but people that are in love don't think much about money."

"Wall, I don't know; prudent folks are allers thinking of money."

"I'd not care for money if I could get plenty to eat and drink warranted to me for the term of my nateral life!" said Prime.

"What'll you give, conditionary that you git back and git your own again, if I'll insure you?" said Swop. "I mean

good common, substantial board—nothing extra, more than what's usual."

"If I get my own, I can take care of myself!" said Prime; "and if I ever get into Old England, blast my eyes if ever I leave it again."

"Where's Mister Frost, I wonder!" said Priscilla, looking around. "There's his wife talking to the young lord, and the old man ain't in sight. I do declare such conduct is shameful."

"The old man is sick abed; I reckon he's agoin to make a die on't," said Swoop.

"And here's his wife a cuttin' up with other men, when he, poor cretur, is sick. If my husband was sick (here Priscilla looked desperately tender at Swoop), I'd never for a minute leave him."

"Ah, you are a posy, Prissy," said Solomon, in a tender tone. "You e'en-a'most make me forget my misfortins."

"I will, dear Solomon! for oh! I—I never loved before!" lisped the bashful maiden, in tones too low for the others to hear.

At this moment Mr. Tyrone, who had been abroad some time, entered.

"Where have you been, Mr. Tyrone?" inquired the young lord.

"Och! is it where I've been you'd like to know? I've been under ground and above ground, and amongst the copper-colored gentlemen, and all the time making inquiries an' using my peepers, seeing what chance we have to get out of this could countrry."

"Well, what is the result of your observations?"

"Why, devil the bit can I see a result at-all, at-all. There's no boats. The ould gentleman that's turned hermit here, destroyed everything of the kind, for fear his people would lave him and his darter to themselves."

"By-the-way!" said Lonsdale, who was sitting near, "his daughter is the loveliest creature I ever laid my eyes on."

"She is beautiful," said Wimsett, warmly; "and she seems to be very pure and artless."

The eyes of the Spanish woman flashed fire as she heard the young lord speak thus warmly, but she said nothing.

"And so you made no discoveries of a way to get home?" continued Lonsdale.

"No," replied Tyrone, "I talked to the big Indian, who calls himself the War Agle—the American Agle he might betther say—about marching down overland. But he shook his head and said, 'Snow too much—eat too little.'"

CHAPTER XV.

SCENES IN THE CAVE.

A MONTH had gone by. The reader, of course, will be anxious to know how it passed with all of our characters during this time, but we are sorry to say that we can't accommodate them, having for the whole period been absent ourself from the scene of action.

But at the close of this period we will let you into quite a variety of "secret sessions," and will do so, not having the fear of any inquisitorial senate before our eyes, or feeling the slightest danger of being ungentified.

A month had passed—and how? Let the reader judge partially from the following scenes.

In one of the larger parlors of the anthracite cave, sat two persons. None others were in the room.

One was Frank Lonsdale, the other was the Walkallah's lovely daughter. The former had been reading from a book which he still held in his hand, and the rich glow of pleasure which was on the cheek of the sweet girl, proved that she had been a pleased and willing listener.

The book must have been Walter Scott's master-piece, "IVANHOE," for Captain Lonsdale, laying it down, asked this question—

"Which character do you like best, Miss Annie, that of Rowena or Rebecca?"

"Oh, Rebecca's!" cried the young girl. "She is all life,

life and beauty—she is so ardent, yet so pure—so noble, yet so simple; who could help loving her! Rowena is lovely, and grand, and all that; she is as virtuous as one of our icebergs, and almost as stately; but I can see nothing *lovable* in her.

"You really reason most unlike one who has been buried in solitude, as you say you have," said Lonsdale, with a smile.

"I have not been buried in *quite* solitude?" said Annie. "I have had my father and books—oh, plenty of books—dear companions they have been to me."

"It is strange, then, that you have never read this book before."

"Oh, I have!" replied the natural girl, "I have read it over and over several times."

"Then why did you not tell me so—I would have sought some other volume."

"I cared not what you read, so that you *did* read it!" replied Annie. "It was your voice I wished to hear."

And then, as if feeling that she had said too much, the young girl blushed up to her very brow.

"Dear, dear Annie! even for a newly accepted lover, you flatter me too much!"

"It is not flattery; it is just as I feel!" replied the artless girl.

"God bless you!" ejaculated the sailor; "in losing my country and the friends whom I may never see again, I have been more than repaid in finding you!"

Annie had not time to reply ere another person entered the room.

It was young Lord Wimsett. He was pale, very pale, when he entered, but his face flushed very much when he saw Annie, and the familiar manner in which she sat, with her hand upon the knee of young Lonsdale.

The beautiful girl had evidently made more conquests than one.

Lord Wimsett conquered his confusion in an instant, and advancing, said to Lonsdale,

"Tyrone is looking for you everywhere, Captain. He has got some new kink in his head about building a vessel out of pines, to take advantage of a warm summer, if such a thing could be. The poor fellow is nearly crazy about his wife and children."

"Yes!" said Lonsdale, "he is a noble, warm-hearted fellow; where is he now?"

"I left him up in the grove, pow-owing with the Eagle chief."

"I'll go and see the poor fellow," said Lonsdale.

Then, after pressing Annie's hand warmly, he departed.

The young lord took the seat he had just vacated, and seeing that Annie arose as if to depart, said,

"Surely you are not going to fly now, fair lady, and leave me alone!"

"I was going to my father—I have left him alone all the morning," replied Annie, not reseating herself.

"But, dear lady, if you please, I pray you to remain a few moments here. I have purposely sent Lonsdale off to get an interview with you."

"Then Mr. Tyrone did n't ask you to seek for him?"

"No, lady."

"Then, sir, I regret that you have taken so much trouble as to utter a falsehood to gain an interview with me," replied the young girl, her eye flashing as she spoke.

"I did not speak falsely, lady," replied the young lord, reddening up. "I heard Mr. Tyrone speaking of a vessel, and though he did not ask to find Captain Lonsdale, still I heard him inquiring for him. If you knew my reasons for craving an interview, perhaps you would not so quickly blame me."

"What are those reasons, sir?" asked the young lady.

"Be seated, and I will unfold them," said he.

The young girl seated herself, and waited in a quiet, but not in a very anxious manner.

The young lord attempted to take her hand before he commenced speaking, but she quietly withdrew it from his grasp.

"You seem to dislike me, lady?" he said, sadly.

"No, sir; oh no, sir; I dislike no one," she replied quickly.

"Yet you treat me coldly."

"No, my lord! never except when you are too ardent!" "Too ardent, lady?" said the young lord—"if I have for once overstepped the bounds of courtesy, forgive me."

"You have not, my lord, but yet—I speak plainly—you have given signs of a feeling I must not, cannot encourage."

"You mean of love?"

"Yes, my lord; of a love which is useless. As friends, we may meet and enjoy the society of each other; but if as a lover you seek my company, our intercourse must cease."

"Will you hear a short history from me, lady?"

"Certainly, sir; anything but the subject of which I have just spoken."

"I will try to refrain from it. Since my earliest boyhood, the Fates seemed to have marked out for me a path of darkness and sorrow. My childish days were spent in banishment from home. I never but once, and then in anger, remember to have seen my father. I have never, until I met you, found a being, save my wretched mother, whom I could love."

"You say your mother, who is so strange, and even yet, in spite of sickness and sorrow, is said to be beautiful, is *wretched*. Why is she so?"

"I cannot say. There is a secret which I cannot speak. Were you my wife, lady, I would."

"Then the secret never will be mine!"

"Never! Oh, how like a death-knell to all my fondest hopes sounds that one word!"

"I am sorry—yet it would be cruelty to encourage where there can be no hope."

"And yet, lady, we have known each other but one short month—not time enough to form a judgment. How can you cast me off before you know me?"

The young girl smiled, for the young lord had forged an argument against himself.

"How can you offer to take me in so short a time. If we have been known to each other too short a time to form a judgment, how can you offer, as you already have, to make me your wife! How can you take me before you *know* me?"

"Oh, I knew you to be pure and beautiful when I first looked at you—I felt that you was made to suit one like me, to be a beacon to lead me away from darkness and sorrow into the paths of joy and happiness."

"I am sorry, my lord, that I cannot feel so. I belong to my father—I have never had any one else to love, or even to associate with, until your company were driven here by a sad fate."

"Do you call it *sad*, lady?"

"Yes, for you who have been used to a gay and bright world. Poor Mr. Tyrone thinks it *sad* enough; all of your company, save yourself, alone, perhaps, think it *sad*!"

"Does Captain Lonsdale regard it as *very* unfortunate?"

Annie blushed at the question, but replied,

"It is indeed a deep misfortune for him to lose the vessel with which he was entrusted in command, and to see the mourning passengers, whom he expected to land in safety on the other side of the water."

"But if I may judge from his manner, he finds himself very much consoled in your company," said the young lord, bitterly.

"Sir, you are impertinent in your insinuations."

"Forgive me, Miss Annie! forgive me; I was indeed impertinent and wrong!" cried the young lord, casting himself upon his knees before the angry girl.

"Rise, sir, rise! There is but one to whom you should kneel—the One who has preserved you through peril and danger. Rise, sir, rise!"

"I will not, lady, till you have forgiven me my presumption."

"Then, sir, rise; I forgive you, but do not speak so again."

"I will not, lady; but ere I rise, I pray you to look more favorably on my suit. In all honor and respect I have told my love, and now—"

Why did the young girl start to her feet and blush deeper, redder than ever? Why did her voice tremble with agitation as she cried,

"Do get up, sir; do get up—see, you are observed."

The dark eyes of Donna Elementa had flashed upon her,

and they were strangely bright as they swept over those two forms when she opened the door.

She looked but one moment, then turned away without entering.

"I fear that woman," said Annie to Lord W., who had sprung to his feet. "She seems to hate me."

"She would not, could not hurt you!" said the young lord. "She has seemed a little wild since we buried her husband."

"Not with grief for him, for she would not even follow him to the grave."

"True, but she is a strange woman!"

"She is," said Annie, "and I fear her."

Again she flushed up—a voice was heard and it seemed to be in anger.

It was her father's, and he evidently was coming to that apartment, for he called her name.

"I do not wish to have him see you here," said Annie: "he has bidden me to avoid the company of young men."

"I will leave the room—I will go into the next," said the young lord quickly.

"Oh no—'tis the library—he lets none but me go in!" cried Annie; but she was too late; the young lord had already gone, and the next moment her father entered the room.

His cheek was pale, but a red spot in the centre of his brow, and compressed lips, denoted his anger.

"So, girl," he said, "you have disobeyed my express commands—you have not only permitted the attention of one of these strangers, but actually given and avowed your love for him."

"What do you mean, my father?"

"That which I have said—I have just granted an interview to this young Lonsdale, as he calls himself, who claims relationship with the Litchfield nobles, and he asks your hand. He says you have given him your love already."

"Well, father!"

"Well—do you think it is *well*! and will you desert me in my old age, who have reared you so kindly and tenderly?"

"Desert you! dear father? Never! never!" cried the ardent girl, bursting into tears and clasping her arms around her father's neck.

"Never! never!" she reiterated, kissing him fondly over and over again.

"But if you love another he soon will draw you away from me—soon take your love away from me."

"Then, father, dear father, I will try not to love him! Oh, if it kills me I will try not to love him—I will see him no more."

She gasped and turned pale as she spoke. The father saw it and asked,

"Why did you love him, child?"

"Oh, father, he was so like the heroes you have read to me of—he seemed so proud and brave, so pure and yet so fond, and he told me he loved ME. Can one refuse to give love for love?"

The young girl had forgotten that only a moment earlier she had refused love for love.

Her father was speechless either with astonishment or rage.

The fair maid knew not what to think—much less what to utter.

Here we must close our tale.

The jealous Spanish woman, learning she had lost the game, attempted to send all to the other world by blowing up the Ice King's magazine, but foiled in this fiendish scheme, she cast herself into the sea. Wakullah grew fond of the young lord, and finally resolved to leave his icy home, renounce the vow he had taken never to visit the world, and go back to England. A vessel came opportunely on which all embarked. Frank and Annie were married as were also Captain Swop and the old maid. Tyrone was the best man to both. The secrets of all were satisfactorily explained, and here we may leave them in happiness.

THE END.

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